THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

An Illustrated Weekly Magazine
Founded Aº Dº 1728 by Benj. Franklin

Volume 172, No. 38 — Philadelphia, March 17, 1900 — 5 Cents the Copy, $2.50 the Year

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PUBLISHED WEEKLY AT 425 ARCH STREET

Entered at the Philadelphia Post-Office as Second-Class Matter

The AMERICAN SOLDIER in the PHILIPPINES

By Senator ALBERT J. BEVERIDGE

George Gibbs.

The American Soldier in the Philippines

By Albert J. Beveridge

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"SURELY," said a prominent English merchant of Iloilo, as we sat in his quarters one evening discussing the war and the world, "surely these troops of yours are your picked men. I am familiar with our soldiers in China and in India; I have seen specimens of Spanish soldiers daily for years; I am fairly familiar with German and French marines, but I have never seen such splendid specimens of military robustness and manly power as the American soldier in the Philippines." I assured him that though these soldiers of whom he spoke were of the finest youth of the nation, the Republic could, should the nation's life be imperiled, put five millions of such men as these in the field. The statement astounded my English friend, as, indeed, it is apt to astound all who have not thought of the unconquerable power in quality and number of the American people; but a careful study will show it to be far within the truth.

AN ARMY OF YOUTHS ENURED TO HARDSHIP

THIS physical masterfulness and excess of vital energy is the first thing that attracts attention to the American soldier in the Philippines. He is strong; he is alive; he is as restless as the currents of the sea, and as resistless. He is Youth. Even our old men in the army are young. A Regular Army officer hailing from New England, a Captain of cavalry, bearded and flecked with gray at the temples, rode with me and joked and endured like a boy of eighteen. Everywhere you are overwhelmed with this abounding sense of fine and fervent youth.

General Lawton, who was the typical American soldier, had all the energy, all the courage, all the dash, all the confidence, all the exhaustless endurance of the youngest member of his staff. Indeed, I have seen him endure hardships that wearied the younger subalterns. I remember well one young member of his staff saying, when I awoke at dawn one day and found the General already risen and gone, without a bite of breakfast, to a point of vantage where he might observe the country better, "This is the way we go all the time; no sleep, no food, no nothing, but fight. We literally live on combat." That sentence reveals the next great characteristic of the American soldier of to-day. He must have combat. Keep him fighting and he is happy.

On the road back from San Fernando, our extreme front, a young soldier, bearing a message from General MacArthur, overtook me. He could not have been over seventeen; but he declared he was twenty-one, and this is a point to which attention will be called later. It was not an intentional lie; it was merely a statement of capability. He was a volunteer from one of the Northwestern States, whose term of enlistment had expired, and who had a right to return home. He was remaining voluntarily. He was asked whether he wanted to go home.

"Oh, yes, of course," he replied, "but not until the end is over. I am satisfied to stay as long as the Government wants me, provided I can get a chance to fight."

And he threw back his head, his blue eyes dancing merrily, and laughed the joyous, confident laugh of the American soldier. He had only been continuously fighting for three months; he had only fought every foot of the way from Manila to San Fernando; it was true that, practically, he might be said to be under fire every hour even then. But this typical American soldier from the prairies of the Northwest was willing to stay in the tropic Philippines if he could only have a chance to fight.

An anecdote will illustrate this abnormal combative instinct of the American soldier as it is exhibited in the Philippines. On one occasion, around Iloilo, a regiment of regulars, the Eighteenth, as I remember, suddenly became engaged with the insurgents. Several boys of the First Tennessee happened to be off duty. The fighting that was then going on was not a part of their business. No matter; they seized their guns and ran like mad until they were on the firing line of the Regulars, whom they joined as though it was their own regiment. I asked one of them why he did it.

"Why," he replied, "we didn't want to miss the fun."

SOME VOLUNTEERS WHO WOULD RATHER FIGHT THAN EAT

AN OFFICER in command of the Eighteenth Regulars—in command at the time we had our liveliest fighting around Iloilo—told me the following story, which perfectly illustrates the peculiar atrophy of the faculty of fear with which the American soldier is afflicted:

"The Filipinos were shooting very rapidly," said the officer, "but not aiming well. Nevertheless, the air was full of bullets, and while nobody was being killed at that moment, there was danger. I didn't want to expose my men unnecessarily. They were ordered to lie down behind the rice ridges, and fire from them. In the midst of the action, and at the very hottest moment, I saw a flaxen-haired boy deliberately get up and coolly survey the whole scene. I ordered him down, asking, with an oath, I fear, what he meant by standing up that way to get killed. He turned upon me a face full of the sense of personal injury, and, as he slowly, very slowly, obeyed the order, said:

"'Why, there is no use of my lying down; I've shot away all my ammunition; I want to *see* this here show.'

"It was 'talking back,' of course, and should have been rebuked," continued the officer, "but what soldier could find it in his heart to rebuke a fine piece of spirit like that?"

The Philippine war has been full of dare-devil incidents that remind you of the days of the Three Guardsmen, or of the soldiers of Napoleon, or of the English seamen of Elizabeth's day. Reckless courage has always been, however, a characteristic of the American soldier in all wars.

Outside of Iloilo our line was on one side of a river, the insurgent line on the other side. An open space of perhaps a half a mile in diameter was on the Filipino side, beyond which were trees and other vegetation. Having learned the recklessness of the American soldier, the insurgents one night planted a flag over a trench in this open space. The evident purpose was to taunt the Americans to come and take the flag, thus alluring them into an absolute death-trap. An order was accordingly given that under no circumstances must any man attempt to disturb the flag. The very next day a soldier of the First Tennessee went beyond our lines, swam the river, and deliberately pulled up the flag and walked back with it, swam the river again, and entered our lines, escaping unhurt. What to do with that soldier was a serious question with our officers, since he had disobeyed orders, and was, technically, subject to court martial. But they had too much of the same spirit in their own breasts to discipline him, and nothing more, officially, was heard of the subject, though the incident was repeated with pride, and repeated again and again and again, in quarters and camps, and everywhere that Americans congregate.

BLUE-EYED, FLAXEN-HAIRED ANGLO-SAXON FIGHTERS

THE description of the young soldier who wanted to "see the show" as flaxen-haired, reveals another very remarkable and striking ethnological fact: the Saxon type prevails throughout our active fighting forces; at least it so appears to the mere eye-observer, whatever the records may show. A newspaper correspondent, now in Boston, called my attention to this at San Fernando, in the interior of Luzon, and I had myself noticed and spoken of it. Everywhere the pale blue or gray eye, everywhere the fair skin, everywhere the tawny hair and beard. In Cebu, Panay, Negros and Sulu the same phenomenon.

In many instances the beards have been allowed to grow, and observers were startlingly struck with the resemblance which these fierce-looking, bearded men—boys in years—bore to the old pictures in our primary school histories of twenty-five years ago, and of the descriptions which accompanied them. The Saxon type is as conspicuous in the Philippines as the flag itself. Of course the dark hair and eye are there, too. Three of the most daring and enduring soldiers I met were of that type, but the general impression is distinctly fairness in hair and lightness in eye.

AMERICANS BROTHERS, ONE AND ALL

THIS calls to mind the homogeneity of the people of the Republic. One might well expect the same type in the men from the Dakotas, Nebraska and Kansas; but he who has not followed ethnological currents in America would have expected that the Southern troops would have been quite a different type. And yet, in the Tennessee troops at Iloilo was found precisely the same type as in the Dakota troops at San Fernando. You might have said that they all came from the same section, the same State, the same county, almost the same family. It was an inspiring thought; the American people are indeed one people. The boys from Tennessee

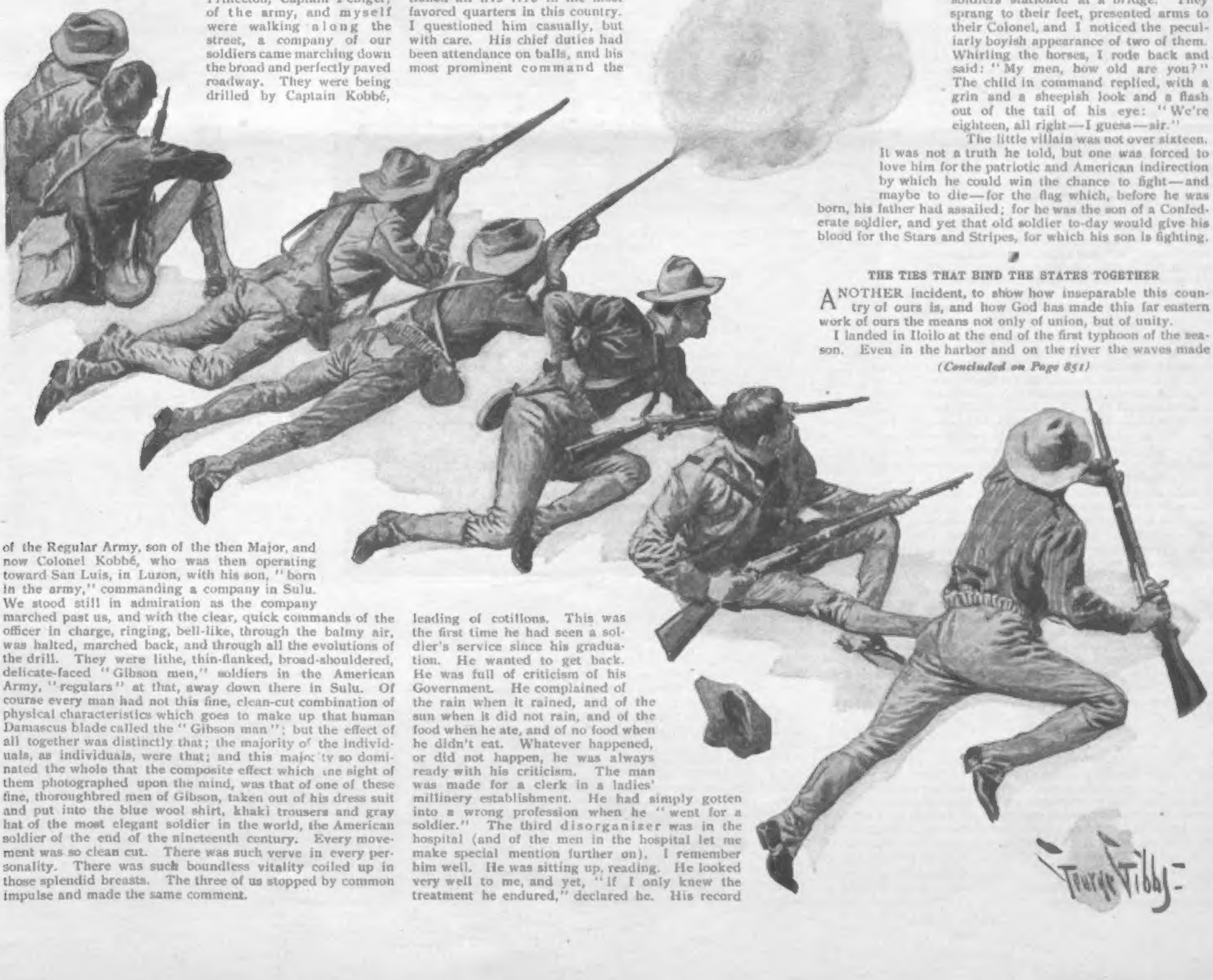
look like the brothers of the boys from Nebraska or Montana. The boys from Oregon and Washington look like the brothers of the boys from Pennsylvania. The boys from California look like the brothers of the boys from Minnesota. And brothers they are—brothers of the blood, brothers of the flag, brothers of battle, brothers of destiny. How mad must be the man who dares believe that by any temporary emergency these brothers can ever be divided against themselves.

THE AMERICAN SOLDIER OF THE THOROUGHBRED TYPE

ONE cannot resist dwelling longer on physical characteristics. These thoroughbred soldiers from the plantations of the South, from the plains and valleys and farms of the West, look the thoroughbred, physically considered. The fine line is everywhere. The nose is straight, the mouth is sensitive and delicate. There are very few bulldog jaws. There is, instead, the steel-trap jaw of the lion. The whole face and figure is the face and figure of the thoroughbred fighter, who has always been the fine-featured, delicate-nostriled, thin-eared, and generally clean-cut-featured man. This, too, is the type of the great fighting animals—the lion, the tiger, the puma—all with jaws as delicate in outline as they are powerful. None has the heavy jaw of the bulldog. The same is true of the great fighters among men.

Recall the medallions of Alexander. Remember the types of the Greek soldier, as they come down to us, the soldier most resembling the American soldier of any in history. Think of the delicate form and features of the great Cæsar and of his troops, of the mighty Napoleon and his, of the sharp-faced and victorious Wellington and his men. Think of Von Moltke, of Frederick the Great, of Richelieu, and of their men—sword-faced men every one. Even the face of General Grant, of whose square jaw we have heard so much, is said to have been comparatively delicate, and the square appearance of his jaw came very largely from the cut and style of his beard, and, if otherwise, it is the exception which emphasizes the general fact. But this is going into physiognomical and military disputation. Whether the theory is true or not, it is distinctly true that the American soldier in the Philippines, as a type, is the one with which Charles Dana Gibson has made us familiar in his illustrations.

I remember very well, one morning in the city of Jolo, in the Sulu Islands—Jolo, the marvelous creation of that exceptional Spaniard, Arolas—as Commander West, of the Princeton, Captain Febiger, of the army, and myself were walking along the street, a company of our soldiers came marching down the broad and perfectly paved roadway. They were being drilled by Captain Kobbé, of the Regular Army, son of the then Major, and now Colonel Kobbé, who was then operating toward San Luis, in Luzon, with his son, "born in the army," commanding a company in Sulu. We stood still in admiration as the company marched past us, and with the clear, quick commands of the officer in charge, ringing, bell-like, through the balmy air, was halted, marched back, and through all the evolutions of the drill. They were lithe, thin-flanked, broad-shouldered, delicate-faced "Gibson men," soldiers in the American Army, "regulars" at that, away down there in Sulu. Of course every man had not this fine, clean-cut combination of physical characteristics which goes to make up that human Damascus blade called the "Gibson man"; but the effect of all together was distinctly that; the majority of the individuals, as individuals, were that; and this majority so dominated the whole that the composite effect which the sight of them photographed upon the mind, was that of one of these fine, thoroughbred men of Gibson, taken out of his dress suit and put into the blue wool shirt, khaki trousers and gray hat of the most elegant soldier in the world, the American soldier of the end of the nineteenth century. Every movement was so clean cut. There was such verve in every personality. There was such boundless vitality coiled up in those splendid breasts. The three of us stopped by common impulse and made the same comment.



Let me here throw in a paragraph to say that if I had written an article on the American Navy in the Philippines, with which I became singularly familiar, all of the above might be duplicated with a variety of incident from the decks which have now begun, and at no distant time will achieve, the sovereignty of all the seas.

Let it not be understood that all of the men in our army are of the excellent type in courage and endurance and physical perfection described above. Unfortunately, no; but the vast majority are; and so great is this majority that the few exceptions are worthy of note only to preserve entire truthfulness in the picture, and to avoid the charge of exaggeration. There are a few men in every organization who are disturbers, disorganizers and cowards. The fact that we are Americans, though that means nearly everything, is not sufficient to remove entirely defects occasionally encountered the world over. There are a few unworthy men in our army.

Two of these were met at half-past two o'clock in the afternoon of a blazing day, eight miles from San Fernando, walking back to Manila, as they said. Asked what was the matter with them, they declared they had been "touched by the sun," although they were walking at a rapid pace, in the hottest portion of the day, and looked as vigorous as bullocks. An outpost, their comrades, a little further on, were cursing them for being what is known in our army in the Philippines as "cold feet."

THE COTILLON LEADER'S CASE OF "COLD FEET"

ANY man who, for any reason, good or otherwise, avoids actual danger of death in action is under suspicion of being a case of "cold feet"; and once that suspicion is confirmed, he has lost caste with his companions forever, and is literally ostracized. Occasionally, too, you will find a chronic grumbler, a natural disorganizer. But they are rare. I ran across only three in all the islands. One I met on a ship. He was just leaving. He had stories of indescribable suffering to relate, of hardship, of abuse, of poor food, of harsh treatment. It was a tale of woe unrelieved. Curiosity was aroused and his record has since been investigated. He was the poorest soldier in his regiment, and undoubtedly would not be able to get into the service again. He was not a volunteer, but an enlisted Regular.

Another was a Lieutenant in the Regular Army. He had been stationed all his life in the most favored quarters in this country. I questioned him casually, but with care. His chief duties had been attendance on balls, and his most prominent command the leading of cotillons. This was the first time he had seen a soldier's service since his graduation. He wanted to get back. He was full of criticism of his Government. He complained of the rain when it rained, and of the sun when it did not rain, and of the food when he ate, and of no food when he didn't eat. Whatever happened, or did not happen, he was always ready with his criticism. The man was made for a clerk in a ladies' millinery establishment. He had simply gotten into a wrong profession when he "went for a soldier." The third disorganizer was in the hospital (and of the men in the hospital let me make special mention further on). I remember him well. He was sitting up, reading. He looked very well to me, and yet, "if I only knew the treatment he endured," declared he. His record also was looked up. He had seen no service. He was always causing difficulties. He was constantly falling ill, and yet never being really ill. *Out of the thousands of men whom I met face to face, these three are the only instances of the complainers and the grumblers—only three in many thousands; it is a glorious proportion.* Not that the men were satisfied all the time, by any means. No. If they didn't get what they wanted, they said so, and said so hard; but they grumbled in fine, manly, American fashion, and for things which full-blooded men in the lust of youth are wont to grumble at, such as a chance to get out and fight, and things like that.

HOW THE BOYS IN THE HOSPITALS FARE

LET me go back to the hospital. Impressions there formed will never be erased from my memory. How proud the men were of their wounds! They insisted on showing you their poor, mangled limbs. And never a whimper, never a whine, never a complaint. At the hospital at Manila one man was sitting in a chair outside. He was still very weak, but his wound was nearly healed, and he was convalescing. He stood up straight as an arrow as we came up, saluting with that fine air of mingled dignity and spirit which is characteristic of the salute of the American soldier.

"How are you, my boy," said I, "and where were you wounded?"

"At Malabon," he said; "shot through the leg here, and I am getting along fine. I think I shall be able to be out on the firing line in a couple of weeks now."

He said it as a schoolboy might say, "There are two weeks more of school, then vacation, by Jove!" Another young fellow said, "I am good and well. I am going to join the boys to-morrow." He was nineteen years old. How proud they make one feel—those matchless children of courage who are fighting for the flag in the Philippines. What types they are of the American spirit of the twentieth century! One looks into their fearless eyes and sees our manifest destiny personified and vital.

I cannot get away from the impression of youth—a youth that seems as if it would be youth forever—that fairly gleams with virile light from the faces of these boys of ours. At Iloilo, as the officers of the First Tennessee and myself were making our ride, we galloped past a clump of three soldiers stationed at a bridge. They sprang to their feet, presented arms to their Colonel, and I noticed the peculiarly boyish appearance of two of them. Whirling the horses, I rode back and said: "My men, how old are you?" The child in command replied, with a grin and a sheepish look and a flash out of the tail of his eye: "We're eighteen, all right—I guess—sir."

The little villain was not over sixteen. It was not a truth he told, but one was forced to love him for the patriotic and American indirection by which he could win the chance to fight—and maybe to die—for the flag which, before he was born, his father had assailed; for he was the son of a Confederate soldier, and yet that old soldier to-day would give his blood for the Stars and Stripes, for which his son is fighting.

THE TIES THAT BIND THE STATES TOGETHER

ANOTHER incident, to show how inseparable this country of ours is, and how God has made this far eastern work of ours the means not only of union, but of unity.

I landed in Iloilo at the end of the first typhoon of the season. Even in the harbor and on the river the waves made

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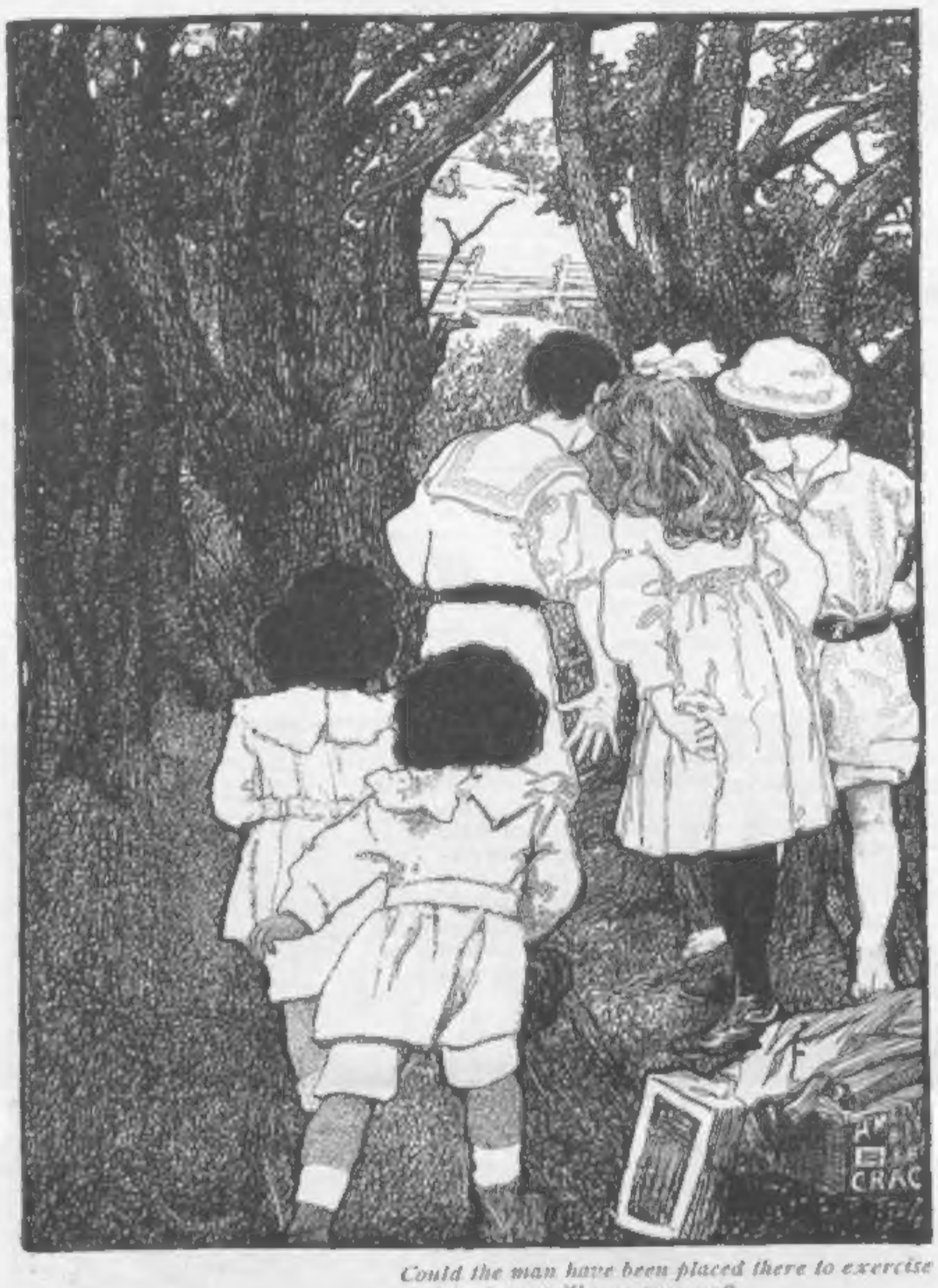
The Swiss Family Robertson

By Stanley Waterloo

WHEN I look back across the years—I am nearly thirteen now—the vision which arises of trying adventure with my sister and three brothers seems like what I have seen somewhere alluded to as the baseless fabric of a dream, or, if not that, at least some freak of the waking imagination. Yet certain it is that the five of us, John, Mary, Francis, Herbert and Elwyn Robertson, aged respectively eleven, nine, eight and six years—Herbert and Elwyn being twins—had such strange experiences in a strange land as can never be forgotten by any of us. Hard indeed to undergo were some of our vicissitudes, and always thankful am I, when the memory of that time returns, that my greater age and possibly greater force of character enabled me to become guide and mentor when certainly a counselor was needed.

Strangely enough, all our adventures were the indirect result of an earnest perusal of a most fascinating volume entitled The Swiss Family Robinson, in which was related the story of a family named Robinson, cast away upon a lone island in the Pacific Ocean. The family was a remarkable one, and the character of the father I admired especially. Not only was he a man of extended general information, but one who regarded thoughtfully the circumstance that almost any condition may be improved by the diligent, and who was truly grateful for something in every chapter of the book. The mother and children each displayed traits almost as admirable. The island, too, was as remarkable as the family, since, though it was but a small place, the castaways were fortunate enough to discover almost every useful plant, bird and beast known to the torrid, temperate or frigid zones. Taken altogether, the tale was such as to arouse a spirit of something nearly akin to envy in the minds of all of us save the twins, who were, of course, too young to understand. It was no wonder, since our great-great-grandfather on our mother's side was said to have come from Switzerland, that the three oldest of us called ourselves the Swiss Family Robertson and imagined many things. There came a time when the fancy became a grave reality, even to the twins.



Could the man have been placed there to exercise a distant surveillance over us?

It is with no little feeling and hesitation that I approach any allusion to the causes which led to the practical expatriation of five people—in the prime of youth, it is true, but inexperienced—and their subjection to a manner of existence such as they had never imagined could be real. Even now the matter so affects me that I must be pardoned by the reader for not relating the unpleasant details. Suffice it to say that occasions arose when the views of our parents unhappily failed to coincide with those of Mary, Francis and myself, and that our conduct was held, by those who had the power, to merit corporal punishment, a punishment which, it has always seemed to me, was inflicted with far more vehemence than any possible occasion could demand. Our spirits revolted at what occurred, and the three of us, who, as explained, had just finished reading The Swiss Family Robinson, held inflamed but deliberate counsel together and determined resolutely upon a course which should give us liberty of conscience and of action. I admit frankly that, being of a self-respecting disposition, and it may be to an extent a natural leader, I was foremost in these councils and mapped out the general plan of action. Increasing years have given me more philosophy and taken from my impulsiveness, but at that time I did not hesitate. In short, under my inspiration we resolved to seek a more congenial clime, where, if we did not luxuriate in all the so-called advantages of a super-refined civilization, we should at least have the more quiet and assured happiness which obtains where Nature is primeval. Our resolution became fixed. That Herbert and Elwyn, the twins, became of the emigrating party was but an incident, they having discovered our plans for departure and insisting upon accompanying us. Their wish was reluctantly granted lest the clamor they would inevitably raise in the event of a refusal should reveal our plans.

Not only were we determined upon the new life, but we resolved to isolate ourselves so completely from the unpleasant recent past as even to change our names, it being decided that each should select a new one for himself or herself. As for me, having lately read a story of the Norsemen, I selected the name of Wolfgang; Mary chose that of Abyssinia, and Francis, for what reason I cannot imagine, adopted that of Chickum. The naming of Herbert and Elwyn was left to Abyssinia, who, after looking over a newspaper, called one Krag and the other Jörgensen. Then began in earnest our preparations for departure.

It was, of course, necessary, as I endeavored to impress upon my fellows—if Abyssinia may be included in such a term—to observe the utmost secrecy and discretion in all our movements. This injunction was observed faithfully by all save Krag and Jörgensen, whose course was frequently such as might, I feared, attract the attention of our parents. Fortunately they appeared all unknowing of our designs.

The first thing to be accomplished was the getting together and bestowal in a safe place of such stores as we could carry and bestowal as would be most serviceable to us in an uninhabited and possibly barren region. In this difficult task Abyssinia, Chickum and I shared about equally. The place of concealment finally decided upon was a small shed which had formerly been a henhouse, and which stood against a board fence on the eastern side of the kitchen garden. Here, beneath a heap of straw, we concealed our accumulations. I pondered deeply over what the nature of our stores should be, and I trust I may say, with a pride not altogether unbecoming, that my selections were justified by the result. Slowly but surely the material accumulated until there came a time when we felt that we were fairly equipped for our departure. It was just after the beginning of July, and the weather was sultry, but with an eye for the future Abyssinia secured from the extra household supplies four quilts, five large sheets and six jars of raspberry and strawberry jam. She contributed also a bag of salt, pepper, some old knives and forks, half a dozen tin plates and as many tin cups, a breadpan, a frying-pan with a broken handle, and two tin pails. I added a light but excellent ax, several boxes of matches, a great ball of stout cord, an enormous slab of dried beef, two boxes of crackers, a box of candles, some large potatoes, an old carving-knife, some fishhooks, a steel trap, and at least half a barrel of flour in bags not too large to be carried by Chickum or me. Chickum brought two jars of butter, another ax, and his bow and arrow. Of course we had our pocket-knives, and Abyssinia had needles and strong thread. The hour came when we only awaited an auspicious occasion for departure.

It had become apparent that not a third of our stores could be removed in a single journey, and, after considering the matter most thoughtfully, I resolved that the only wise course was to determine upon the site for our new home, complete it, and to it carry our goods from time to time. Upon Chickum and me must necessarily fall the burden of this initial labor, and we set about it at once. Our homestead sloped from the roadway to the north and was bounded in that direction by a grassy expanse through which flowed a small creek, crossed by a plank. The creek separated this green area from a wild and comparatively deserted region known as the Wooded Pasture. Some hundreds of yards distant from the creek rose an extremely wide and dense growth of willows, and in the midst of this miniature forest, as we had at one time discovered, was a small open space, dry and bare of growth. Here, after new exploration in company with Chickum, I decided should be established our tranquil home. The site was not discernible from the home of our parents, nor indeed from any part of the place we were leaving except from an elevated point in a meadow to the west, and even from this station the view was indistinct.

We bided our time impatiently now; but we did not have long to wait. A day came when our parents were away upon a visit, the hired girl was occupied indoors, and the hired man busy in the cornfield where the dense growth of the valued cereal prevented him from seeing us or being seen. Quietly Chickum and I departed, burdened with the quilts, sheets, our axes, and the ball of twine. Our journey to the willows was uneventful and our labors there were unmolested.

The plan of our shelter had already been designed by me, and we lost no time in trivial debating over details, Chickum submitting without question to each suggestion of the stronger mind. Under my direction we cut down eight small willows as straight as we could find, and cut from each a length of nearly six feet, four of which we sharpened at one end. These, one of us standing upon a dead uprooted stump which we rolled about, we drove into the earth at distances of six feet apart, the stakes, rising some five feet, forming the four corners of a square. The remaining four poles we tied firmly so that they extended from the top of one stake to another, and upon the frame so constructed we stretched one of the sheets, cutting holes close to the hems and through them tying the sheet to the cross-pieces. Our dwelling was now roofed. The four remaining sheets, similarly tied, made the four sides of the structure, one being left partly unattached so that it might be lifted, thus serving for a door. Upon the grassy floor of the house one of the quilts was spread, and there was our Tented Home! Chickum was wild with delight and capered about hilariously, but I reminded him that the time for an exhibition of such exuberance of spirit had not arrived. Much yet remained to be accomplished. Days passed before all our stores were, with exercise of the greatest caution, safely bestowed within the tent.

It was six o'clock one pleasant evening, when we had just finished dinner, that our parents again absented themselves to make a call upon a neighbor. Our time had come. Quietly all of us, including Abyssinia and the twins, slipped down through the kitchen garden, across the creek, across a part of the Wooded Pasture and into the Willow Grove. There was what I may call a certain tremulousness, but no faltering. We reached our place of refuge. "Welcome to this sylvan grove!" shouted Chickum—quoting, I firmly believe, something he had read in a story, for Chickum's ordinary mode of expression was not such as I could in many respects desire—and all entered the tent and made themselves at home. Here were peace and happiness at last! We chatted and planned until darkness fell, and then, digging a hole with my knife into a potato, I inserted one of the candles we had brought and found the place illuminated finely. But we did not remain long awake. It had been a season of labor and excitement, and a sense of drowsiness soon overcame us all.

It was nearly midnight when I was aroused by an exclamation from Abyssinia and the sobbing of the twins. "What is it?" whispered Abyssinia, and as she spoke there came a strange, gulping cry from a marshy strip beside the creek, and then, nearer us, one more musical but quite as mournful. The creatures of the night were calling. From my wider experience I recognized their harmlessness; I knew the voices of the bullfrog and the whippoorwill, but with the others it was different. Though my rest had been disturbed, I could not but explain all graciously, and soon the three were sleeping again, though fitfully. As for Chickum, he had not

awakened. When we awoke, morning had come and the birds were chirping all about us. We ate heartily of jam and crackers, and felt the blood coursing in our respective veins as it had never done before. How glorious the sense of freedom!

How unstable, too, are sometimes the happiest of conditions! Little did I imagine that bright morning as I noted idly the performance of a red-hooded woodpecker, *Melanerpes erythrocephalus*, who was eating a long white grub in sections, little, I reiterate, did I imagine that before nightfall all our hopeful plans would be disarranged, and that, like some weakling tribe compelled ever to flee before an encroaching power, we must decide, in self-protection, to risk all the dangers of a wilder home.

It was noon when, looking to the southwest, I perceived far in the distance our hired man working about a stump on the elevated spot in the meadow from which could be obtained the only glimpse of our white home amid the greenery. I have not, I hope, one of those minds ever open to suspicion, but I may say that it is one somewhat more than ordinarily keen in the formation of deductions. Why was the hired man there, chopping about a huge stump which he could not possibly remove unaided? Were we discovered? Could the man have been placed there to exercise a distant surveillance over us? The idea grew upon me, and an apprehension I could scarce explain—an apprehension shared by Abyssinia and Chickum, with whom I at once consulted. Under the circumstances, with me to think was but to act. "Come," I said to Chickum, "there is but one course to pursue. We must face the issue as courageously as we can. Abyssinia and the twins will remain here while you and I must venture farther in search of a place where, no matter what may surround us, our isolation will be complete." To this even the sometimes thoughtless Chickum assented promptly. "I am ready, brother," was his answer. "Let us start at once."

Little preparation was required. We provided ourselves with crackers and dried beef and set forth immediately, I carrying one of the axes and Chickum arming himself with the carving knife.

The country for quite a distance, as we found, was partly bare, though there were occasional small oaks and tangles of hazel and blackberry bushes. As we advanced, though, the trees became taller and grew more closely together, and finally, as we ascended a gradually sloping ridge, we found ourselves in what must have been almost the forest primeval. We knew not what we should discover. The shadows were deep, and the wind made a constant sighing overhead. Descending the ridge upon the other side, and pursuing our course far to the northwest, we emerged at last upon a small open glade through which tumbled a noisy creek and near the centre of which grew a few small elms, four of them, as I noted, forming the angles of a square. We advanced and looked about us. From the glade there was an opening in but one direction, to the northeast, through which could be seen far away part of a hillside field. My heart beat fast. I recognized the advantages of the site at a single glance. "Here," I said, "shall be our home!"

Chickum assented gladly and we took up our long homeward march, reaching the tent in time for the evening meal. We were informed by Abyssinia that the day had been uneventful save that Krag had stooped too closely in examination of a bumblebee upon a clover blossom. One of his eyes was closed, but he appeared in his usual spirits. I have ever admired the wonderful recuperative powers of youth. Abyssinia told us, also, that the twins had devoured one entire pot of our limited supply of jam.

For two days Chickum and I labored in the distant forest upon the erection of our new and more substantial home. Sheets would no longer suffice for roof and walls. We cut strong cross-poles and tied them from tree to tree, and, finding great heaps of hemlock bark cut for the tanneries in a small abandoned clearing some distance from our glade, we brought all that we required of the great slabs and, leaning them against our cross-poles, made sides to the dwelling which promised to be wind and rain proof. The roof was constructed of the same material. We now had a home solid and roomy and offering pleasant contrast to the frail tent amid the willows. Laboriously our stores were carried in repeated journeys over the long route, and three days later all of our little company were contentedly at home in Hemlock Castle, a name suggested by Abyssinia, who declared that, like the people on the Pacific island, we should certainly have names for the objects and localities about us. The open space in the forest was christened Haven Glade, the creek received the title of Skelter Water, and the deep, wooded land about us was known as Darkland.

We were now most happily established. Our only possible anxiety, and that as yet a light one, related to our food supply, which was gradually diminishing. But we had plenty of flour, and Abyssinia now began making bread.

Thoughtful and far-seeing as I had proved myself in the earlier preparations for our flight, I had forgotten one thing. I shall never cease to reproach myself with not having requested Abyssinia, while we were still under the dominion of our parents, to ingratiate herself with the hired girl and acquire at least some rudimentary idea of the art of bread-making. As it now appeared, she was, though hopeful, absolutely unacquainted with the manner of preparation of this so generally popular article of food. We elders held a council on the subject and each expressed an idea. Abyssinia thought that to merely mix some of the flour with water and then put the dough in the frying-pan was all that was required for bread. Chickum asserted that he had seen the hired girl mix a little salt in the dough. I, personally, was confident that butter was added. It was resolved to experiment on a small scale, and Abyssinia took up her household duties, I must admit, with bravery.

Some of the flour was mixed with water and salt and a little butter and put into the hot frying-pan. It soon browned upon one side and was then turned over with some difficulty because of its extraordinary adhesiveness. When finally extracted it resembled nothing I had ever seen before, but was certainly baked. It was buttered and we all ate. The food was tenacious in quality and its flavor proved exceedingly novel to us. Chickum, later, complained of pain. But we had no other bread, and after I had reasoned calmly with all upon the merit of resignation, we accepted the situation daily. What a wonderful organ is the human stomach!

I am not exaggerating when I relate that the days now passed with blitheness. To our food was added an almost unlimited supply of wild gooseberries and blackberries, and the mandrake apples were ripening. There were deep pools in Skelter Water, and there, with the hooks my foresight had provided, we caught many of the fish known as the common bull-head, which we wrapped in clay and cast into the open fire. When the clay appeared well hardened, we drew it from the fire, cracked it open, and therein found the fish, cooked to a turn, and even a delicacy when eaten with butter and pepper and salt. How inevitably does intelligence, when in stress, arise to the demands of circumstance!

One day Abyssinia came running in, jubilantly crying: "Bees! Bees! I've found a hive of wild bees! Let us tame them, as did the people on the island, and so have all the honey we can eat!"

This, assuredly, was glorious news, and we all accompanied Abyssinia to the scene of her discovery. There were the bees and their home. Suspended from the swaying end of a beech bough, hanging so low that it was only four or five feet from the ground, appeared a great oval object which looked as if made of grayish paper. There were orifices in the bottom about which the insects were humming in great numbers. They seemed somewhat longer than domesticated bees, and had yellowish rings around their bodies, the difference in appearance from the ordinary honey-gatherer being, I assumed, due to their environment and different mode of life. I at once resolved to secure the hive and bring it to Haven Glade, where it would afford a most desirable addition to our daily fare. I determined that the only way to accomplish this was to come at night when the bees were at rest, cut off the limb above the hive, and so carry it to our home. This was easily accomplished. The end of the limb where it had been cut away was inserted in a hole made through the bark of our rear wall, and there, on the outside, hung the hive for the honey-making.

Some days passed and the bees appeared to be working industriously, no one going very near the suspended hive lest they be disturbed. It chanced, however, that we had one morning an exceedingly early breakfast, and Chickum, who always had a taste for sweets, suggested that, as the bees were not yet astir, he go out, cut a hole in the side of the hive and secure a lump of comb for our delectation. Impelled by curiosity, I followed, observing Chickum's operations from a distance. Chickum, using his pocket knife, cut around a piece about six inches square from the side of the queer hive and then removed it to look within for the honey. Never shall I forget what then occurred immediately. How remarkable are some of the traits of the insect world! From the opening that Chickum had made there burst, fairly in his face, a whirling, venomously buzzing cloud of the great bees. He leaped backward and fled along the creek. Very fleet of foot has Chickum always been, and I have never felt it humiliating to be defeated by him in our friendly races, but never before had I seen accomplished, even by him, such an amazing burst of speed. His career, so far as I may infer from pictures I have seen, resembled that of the antelope of the arid wastes, but the bees kept pace with him. With each leap Chickum gave vent to the remarkable cry of "Hep! Hep!" At first I thought him shouting instinctively for help, but it was not that; it was, I have since concluded, but a spasmodic exclamation, the result of his alarm and pain and of his violent physical exertion. I followed, first calling to Abyssinia to bring the twins from the house, for I knew the flight must be a brief one. Suddenly Chickum, in his desperation, plunged into one of the pools of the creek and sank down until only his nose was visible. That organ, as I could see, received at once most violent attention from the hovering pursuers, but by splashing water Chickum finally drove the bees away and they returned scatteringly to their desecrated home. When Chickum emerged from the creek his appearance was such that had I not been witness to the transformation I could scarcely have identified him. Each eye was closed so that, as he walked, he was compelled to hold the lids of one apart with thumb and finger, and his nose, but for its hue, resembled some monster puff-ball of the fields.

That day our forest home was temporarily abandoned, and when night came I removed the hive with the utmost care a long distance into the forest. Days later I found it abandoned and, examining it, found breeding-cells, but not a trace of honey. I recognized at once and, as is always my way, admitted to myself that I had erred. The hive was not that of the wild honey bee, *Apis mellifica*, but of the aggressive tree wasp, *Vespidæ*. I could not understand why I had been so mistaken. I had been most carefully instructed in natural history, and Miss Clitherose, my teacher for several terms, had been kind enough to speak of my remarkable aptitude in that direction. I had acquired not only the common but many of the Latin names of the soulless creatures, and, indeed, rather preferred the Latin. I well remember the day when I puzzled even Miss Clitherose, who prided herself somewhat on her acquirements. I asked her to give me the old Latin names for turkey and potato and she failed in the attempt. Little did she guess how I had reasoned that as there had been no turkeys nor potatoes in the Old World there could have been no Latin names for them! But I digress.

Time passed and all went well until one afternoon, looking through the one small opening to the glade which gave a view of the distant hillside field, I saw distinctly the form of a man. He was chopping, and something about the figure and its movements reminded me irresistibly of our hired man, Eben Westbrook. What could it mean?

Happy am I to turn to a subject more exhilarating—to a novel incident of our forest life. One day Chickum and the

Suddenly Chickum, in his desperation, plunged into one of the pools of the creek

twins went berrying in the direction of our former home, venturing—as we rarely did—even as far as the Wooded Lot. They were in the midst of the hazel and blackberry bushes when there was a sudden cackle and flutter in the undergrowth, and a cry from Jörgensen which brought Chickum hurriedly upon the scene. What he saw caused the impetuous youth to shout with joy. There, beneath a bush, was the nest of a hen, *Gallina Americana*, and in it were no less than seven eggs. Berrying was suspended promptly, and all the eggs save one were transferred to the pail, and then began a wild search for more. It was well rewarded. A dozen or more nests were found, the spoil of which was added to that already secured. It was a great discovery.

A prouder trio than entered Hemlock Castle that evening, bringing their burden of eggs, could not be conceived by any sort of person, nor could any imagine a more enthusiastic reception than was accorded them. Not only were we now relieved from immediate danger of a food famine, but the variation in diet was good for all of us. There was a most riotous consumption of eggs for days, until a startling tendency toward biliousness, exhibited by little Krag, induced me to counsel greater moderation. So many eggs, coupled with Abyssinia's bread, were necessarily trying to the system. It was now that Chickum developed a great idea. He proposed to capture a number of the fowls, bring them to Haven Glade, and there establish a hennery.

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The proposition was received with general approbation, and next day the construction of the hennery was begun. It was not a difficult task which faced us. Since the fowls must have gravel and water, it was decided that the hennery should extend a little into the creek, and close beside its sloping bank the structure was erected. There but remained the capture of the fowls, and Chickum was riotous over the prospect. He announced his ability to catch a dozen chickens in a single day, and with the assistance of Krag and Jörgensen he made good his boast, the three running down into the bushes and bringing home just the number of hens he had promised.

Our life continued in its placid way until one night, when a tremendous commotion in the chicken-house caused both Chickum and me to rush out to the rescue. Chickum had seized the carving-knife as usual, and I a handy bludgeon. As we neared the place some dark-colored animal clambered hurriedly up the side of the enclosure, and as its head appeared through a hole in the roof I dealt it a heavy blow and it fell stunned. Chickum descended through an opening in the roof and the animal was put out of its misery. It resembled a miniature bear, save that its color was grayish and that it possessed a long and remarkably ringed tail. I at once recognized the common raccoon, *Procyon lotor*, and made an address to the others upon its many curious traits and habits of life. One of the hens was found killed. A day or two later there entered from the water side an enemy which we saw on two or three occasions but could not destroy nor capture. It proved to be the fur-producing animal known as a mink, *Putorius vison*. Within a week we had not a single fowl alive. All had fallen before the rapacity of this bloodthirsty creature. Hunger stared us in the face!

How nearly am I approaching now to the end of this narrative of trial and adventure! How vividly recall themselves to me the scenes of one fateful afternoon! There had not been a storm since before our occupancy of Hemlock Castle, and almost a drought prevailed throughout the country. But a change was near at hand. There came an afternoon, airless, close and heavy until nearly evening. Then white clouds appeared in the west, growing rapidly into woolly mountains. Soon these assumed a darker hue, and a great wind arose before which the sturdiest trees were bent, while an awful roar resounded through the forest. A darkness came upon everything, and we huddled in the shelter of Hemlock Castle, even Chickum alarmed, Abyssinia crying, and the twins in an agony of terror. The rain began to fall in such torrents as I had never known before. Now the wind increased almost to a hurricane, and a sudden blast carried away the roof of our house as if it had been a thing of paper. In a moment we were wetted to the skin. The creek became a spreading torrent which swept away the ruins of our house just as we had barely escaped from it. In the darkness we clambered blindly toward the ridge, when I heard a loud shout near us and recognized the voice of Eben Westbrook. Never did human voice sound sweeter! "Hurry!" he shouted, "Hurry home!" and came rushing up to seize the hands of Krag and Jörgensen and take the lead. Wet and bedraggled, we hurried on, over the ridge, into the open, across the hazel country, across the Wooded Pasture, across the creek, up through the kitchen garden, and into the house by way of the kitchen door. A fateful moment had arrived.

I felt something in my throat, but I did not shrink. I had decided what I would say. I would naught extenuate, but would fall back upon the theory of the sacredness of human rights. My address was not to receive a hearing.

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Our parents were about sitting down to the evening meal, and, to my surprise, our plates lay all in their accustomed places, as if we had not been absent for a day. My father looked up and nodded cheerfully and mother only said: "You'd better all go up and get dry clothes on before you eat." The hired girl peeked in from a side of the kitchen door and drew her head back suddenly with a gulp. Eben Westbrook maintained what I have heard called in relation to others an impassive countenance. We went up, changed our clothes, and all came downstairs together. What a meal it was! There was not much conversation, though father mentioned something about the beginning of the school term. How Krag and Jörgensen did eat! But oh, the incomprehensible apathy of Parents!

Tales Told by Handwriting

By Wm. J. Kinsley

THE employment of professional handwriting experts as witnesses in court cases that often involve enormous sums of money, or the liberty or even lives of suspected malefactors, has awakened widespread interest in the methods of this class of experts, their resources and capabilities in conserving the ends of justice.

Many uninformed people appear to look on the handwriting expert as one who, by intuition or the possession of some mysterious occult power, is enabled to distinguish at a glance the true and the spurious in any questioned handwriting. Nothing could be further from the fact.

The secret of his power—as in any other line of scientific research—lies wholly in his intimate familiarity with the innumerable physical details which comprise the written line or word or letter—sometimes so slight a matter as the dotting of an i or the placing of a comma. It is precisely the same specialized sense, born of acute observation and minute scrutiny that enables an expert chemist to take two powders of like weight and color, identical in appearance to the common eye and perhaps in taste to the common palate, and say: this drug is harmless, wholesome; that is a deadly poison—and to specify not only their various individual constituents but the exact proportion of each. The trained eye of the handwriting expert (as in another case could that of the expert chemist) can often detect at a glance certain distinguishing earmarks of submitted writing that enable him to fix the identity of the writer almost offhand. In the great majority of cases, however, the cunning of the forger calls for deliberate, painstaking study and investigation before the conscientious expert is willing to announce with absolute surety an opinion so often fraught with tremendous possibilities for good or for evil.

Nothing else that a person does is so characteristic as the handwriting, and the identification of the individual can be established by it better than by portraits or almost any other means. As lawyers and laymen and courts are finding this out, the handwriting expert is more and more called upon to untangle snarled questions and to right wrongs.

PHOTO BY GESSFORD & VAN GUNST, NEW YORK

WILLIAM J. KINSLEY

It is only when attention is directed to this interesting science by the wide publicity given to some great case in which handwriting plays an important part that the notice of the general public is drawn to it. The average person would be surprised to know of the great number of cases that find their way to the office of the handwriting expert. The man who has made a success in this line is constantly in demand, and makes frequent trips to distant points to appear as witness in courts.

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THE EXPERT AND THE CHARLATAN

Though nearly every large town has some one who devotes some attention to handwriting, there are but five or six men in this country who give to it practically all of their time, and who have gone very deeply into the subject.

To allow any person to qualify as an "expert" and to testify as such is a matter wholly within the discretion of the court. Unfortunately, courts frequently are lax in determining this question. Almost any one who can write is permitted to give alleged "expert" testimony regarding handwriting. In one case within the writer's experience—a case, too, involving life and death—the court unwittingly accepted the "expert" testimony of a witness who, it was afterward proven, was unable to write even so much as his own name. In the litigation attending the disposal of large mining interests held at Butte, Montana, the court permitted testimony in regard to the handwriting of the testator from a witness who admitted that he had seen the testator write but once, and that in lead pencil over twenty years before.

Any one accustomed to writing is usually allowed to qualify as an "expert." To the lay mind it is natural to confound experts who have studied the subject deeply in all its various phases with those who have had occasion to examine it casually, or who may possess uncommon facility with the pen without ever having had occasion to investigate scientifically just those little illusive points upon which the professional expert places his reliance.

Hence, when we read of "experts" being mistaken, or of an equal number of them appearing on opposite sides of the same case, it will nearly always be found upon investigation that they are of the class described above, whose lack of thorough special training and specialized experience really should have disqualified them from giving testimony. Though any one may call himself an "expert," or a "professional expert" for that matter, thus opening the door to charlatanism in exactly the same manner that it is opened more or less in all vocations, yet, as a matter of fact, it is very rare that professional handwriting experts testify to a contrary state of facts, and the cases in which they have been proven mistaken are remarkably few.

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THE WEIGHT OF THE ANTI-DREYFUS TESTIMONY

A case such as the Dreyfus affair has a tendency to confuse the public mind and leads to wrong conclusions. In initiating the prosecution of Dreyfus the French Government submitted the documents to expert Gobert, of the Bank of France, who is considered the leader in this line in France. Gobert reported that Dreyfus did not write the incriminating documents. The prosecutors then placed the papers in the hands of Bertillon, the inventor of the anthropometric system of measurements (used principally on criminals) which bears his name. It mattered not that Bertillon had never appeared in a handwriting case before, or that his skill in this line was unknown. He was a man of science, of great renown in other lines, and the Government relied on these facts to bolster up its claim that Dreyfus wrote the incriminating papers. Bertillon reported in favor of the Government's contention, and it was an easy matter to get some alleged experts—weak as to will and ability—and one or two honest but misguided men to agree with him. Some of these afterward changed their opinions when better standards of writing were given to them.

Dreyfus' friends sent engraved reproductions of standards and disputed documents to the best-known experts all over the world, and without exception these reported that Dreyfus was not the writer of the disputed papers. On the side of the French Government were a few so-called "experts," headed and dominated by a man with no experience whatever. The experts of skill and experience in France and the world over were practically unanimous in favor of Dreyfus. The writer's critical examination of the documents in question produced an absolute conviction that they could not possibly have been written by Dreyfus.

Unless the individual is fitted by nature and inborn liking for investigations of this character, no amount of education and experience will fit him. But, given natural equipment and inclination, it is necessary first of all that the expert have a good general education. He should have a sufficient command of language to make others see what he sees. He should have a good eye for form and color, and a well-trained hand to enable him to describe graphically as well as orally what his trained eye has detected. A few strokes on a blackboard or large sheet of paper will often make a clouded point appear much plainer to court, jury and lawyers than hours of oral description. The ability to handle the crayon and to simulate well the writings under discussion is a great aid.

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THE HUNDRED AND ONE STUDIES OF THE EXPERT

Making a collection of the handwritings of all nations, classes and conditions of people; collecting autographs; collecting and testing thousands of samples of paper and the various makes of inks; visiting paper mills and ink laboratories; investigating ordinary lead pencil and indelible pencil writing and the manufacture of these pencils; studying rubber-stamp impressions; collecting all kinds of pens and experimenting with them—these are some of the things the writer has found of use to him in his studies. His experience as student, bookkeeper, teacher of penmanship and bookkeeping, and editor has also been drawn on for many helpful ideas. In this, as in other callings, the expert keeps his eyes and ears open and makes use of anything that will be of use in reaching a conclusion.

Editor's Note—This is the first of two papers.

The services of the expert are required in a wide range of civil and criminal cases. Where handwriting is questioned on notes, checks, drafts, receipts, wills, deeds, mortgages, bonds, anonymous letters, money orders, registered letter receipts, "green goods" letters, pension papers, and in smuggling and (a strange and gruesome thing) names of jurors on coroners' inquisitions—in short, on any kind of document where it becomes necessary to establish the identity of the writer, the expert is called in. Life, liberty, honor and property are frequently balanced on a pen point—a few marks of a pen being the determining feature in many a case.

The handwriting of the schoolboy and schoolgirl, though crude, is conventional and idealized. It has but few characteristics so long as the school model or copy-book hand is the goal. The pupil gives constant attention to the handwriting as well as to the thought. A number of students of about the same grade, under the same teacher, will write much alike. Fifteen or twenty of these students could each write a line on a page and it might baffle a layman, and perhaps puzzle an expert, to tell whether or not more than one person wrote the page. This constant striving after one ideal, and putting thought on the handwriting, had drawn them all toward that ideal and away from individuality.

THE GROWTH OF A MATURE HANDWRITING

A glance at Plate 1, presented herewith, will illustrate this point. Each line is written by a different student, ages from seventeen to twenty, who have been under the same school influence from five months to a year.

In a twelvemonth these students will be scattered and their occupations and environments will be totally different. One will be a banker, another a lawyer, another a teacher, another an insurance policy writer, another a farmer, another a blacksmith, another a bookkeeper, another an editor, and so on through the various occupations of life. The conditions of life and the manner and frequency of writing will be as varied as the individuals. Temperament, too, will assert itself, and whereas in the student-writing all gave thought to the mechanical or handwriting part of putting thoughts on paper, now the whole attention is focused on the thought itself and not the means of expressing it. By countless repetitions of the various forms and combinations of letters in each person's handwriting they become fixed unconsciously and irrevocably, and the handwriting is really without thought—reflex action.

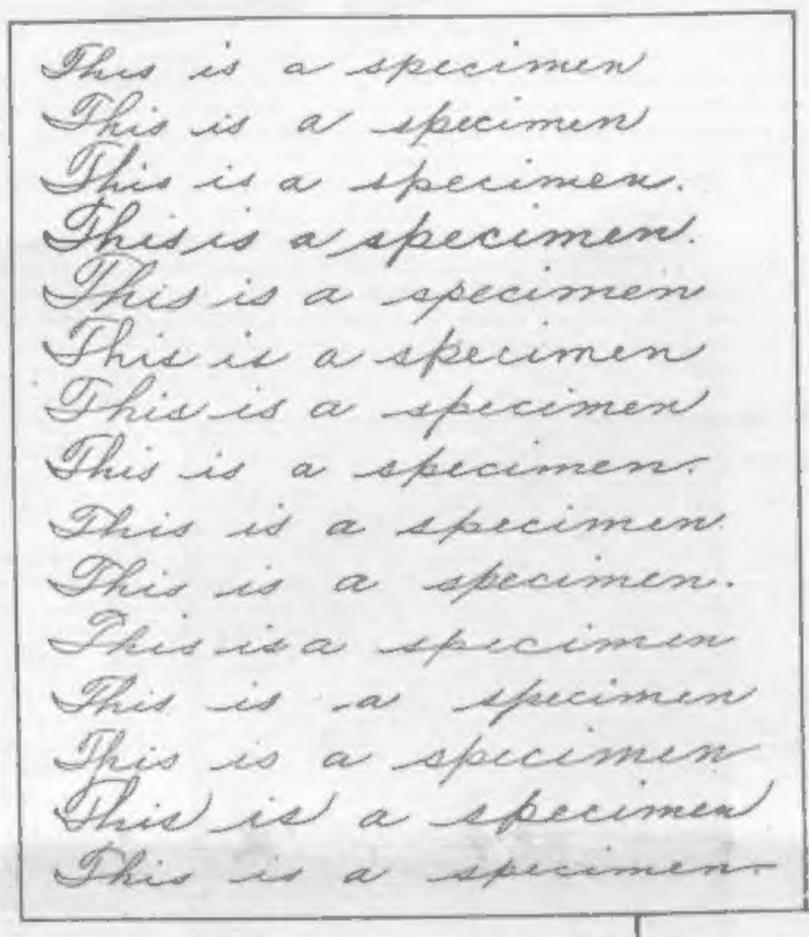

PLATE 1—EACH WRITTEN BY A DIFFERENT PERSON

So gradually do we depart from the conventional standard or copy-book hand that we scarcely realize it. By degrees we lop off here and add there until we have a handwriting that suits us, so far as our skill will go, and one that is peculiarly characteristic of us. It bears the stamp of our personality in every angle and turn in i dot and t crossing, in shade and alignment—in every part of it.

DIFFICULTIES THAT CONFRONT THE FORGER

In ten years this same group of students—now bankers, lawyers, and so forth—if asked to write the word *This* would likely write it about as it appears in Plate 2. In this plate we have specimens of handwriting of mature persons who have been applying their writing to various occupations.

When a handwriting once becomes settled and firmly fixed it is an impossibility to throw it aside like a cast-off coat and put on a new one at will. It is here that a person who attempts to disguise his own writing or to simulate that of another meets with insuperable obstacles. No one knows of the characteristics of his own writing. They are so common and have been acquired so unconsciously that the writer himself is usually unaware of their presence.

Even did the writer know his characteristics he could not throw them off. When a person attempts to simulate the handwriting of another he doubles his difficulties. He imagines that he knows all of the characteristics of the other hand and that he has the skill to imitate them. To simulate characteristic handwriting, full of departures from the copy-book style, is far more difficult than to produce conventional or copy-book hand. In simulating the handwriting of another your hand and mind would be doing double duty—endeavoring to avoid your own and trying to copy the characteristics of the other.

Emerson has pointed out that "every man is a prisoner to his powers." Once our handwriting passes the formative period and becomes settled it has departed from the standard, and these departures are termed characteristics. These characteristics are the hall-marks of identification.

FIXING THE IDENTITY OF A WRITER

Disraeli has said: "Nature has given to every man a peculiar handwriting, as she has given him a peculiar countenance, voice and manners." Believing that this is true, the expert, when beginning to study a case, critically examines the "standard" or "exemplar," as the known writing is called, and notes the characteristics in it. In this study he takes into account: size, slant, shape, shade, speed, spacing, movement, proportioning, alignment, pen-pressure. Some of these may be disguised successfully, but it is not possible to disguise all. Each of the fifty-two letters and the ten digits gives opportunities for display of personality, and when the connections and various arrangements of the letters are taken into account, the combinations that can be formed from the strokes are so numerous as to be almost beyond the power of figures to express. It makes a difference whether or not a letter is used at the beginning, the end, or in the middle of a word.

Some characteristics are more markedly peculiar than others—more individual and personal. Of course a characteristic peculiar to one hand alone would and should be given much more weight, because of its very personality, than a characteristic common to many hands.

No particular number of characteristics is needed to enable the expert to reach a conclusion. It depends upon how strongly marked the characteristics are. If two striking characteristics are found, it is obvious they should be given more weight than twice one. And if three are found, it much more than trebles the strength of the opinion.

The expert studies and investigates until he discovers a lack of similarity, or finds a sufficient number of characteristics to render it almost mathematically certain that the same person wrote both the standard and disputed writings. It would be considered a strange coincidence if two human beings were found with two body marks identically the same. If the number were increased to five or six marks (cast in same eye, moles in same place, loss of same fingers and toes, etc.) it would be considered miraculous; and if increased to twenty, an impossibility. This is a fair illustration of the reasoning followed.

Marks that are strong and peculiar to the individual are given more weight than characteristics common to many, and fewer of these peculiarly personal marks would be needed to reach a conclusion than where the departures from the copy-book hand are of a more frequent kind.

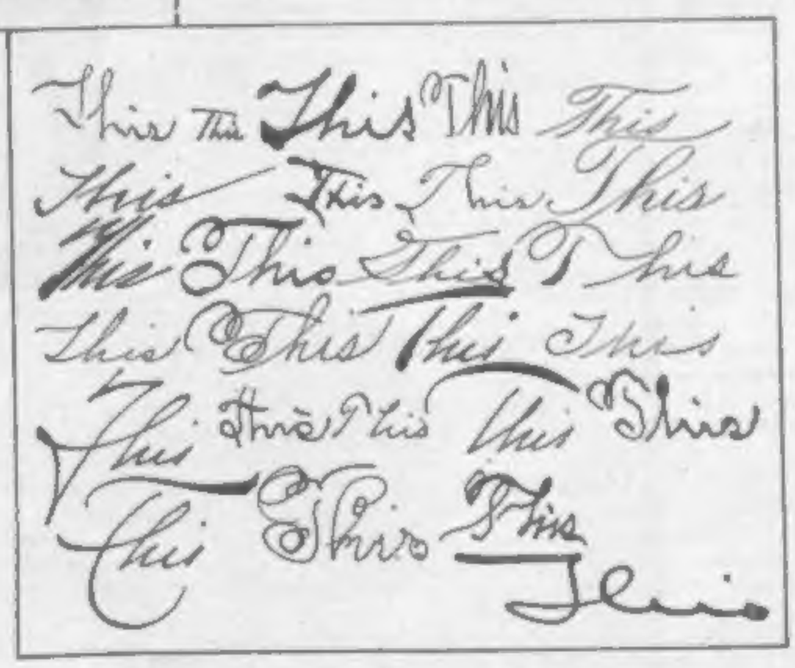

PLATE 2—EACH WRITTEN BY A DIFFERENT PERSON

HOW THE PICTORIAL EFFECT DECEIVES

Pictorial effect—or the writing picture as a whole—is what deceives laymen and pseudo-experts frequently, especially if they are obliged to make an offhand decision. A skillful forger can imitate the general arrangement in such a way that the piece of writing has a very puzzling appearance. It is this pictorial appearance that misleads bankers and others who do not get below the surface.

The expert places no reliance whatever on the pictorial resemblance of a piece of disputed writing to the standard. Of course there must be some resemblance or unlikeness, otherwise there would be no need of an expert investigation. The pictorial resemblance between standard and disputed writings may be compared to the likeness existing between stage impersonations of Gladstone, Bismarck, Blaine, and other noted men and the originals themselves. The impersonator is "made up" to look like the distinguished individuals he poses to represent, but a careful scrutiny of him, in which the beards and wigs are removed and the grease paint washed off, proves not only that the personator is a base imitation, but reveals his own identity as well. This is what a scientific examination does in the case of forged and simulated handwriting. It demonstrates the forgery first, and in nearly every case unmasks the forger.

WHAT THE WRITING TELLS OF THE WRITER

It is possible to tell with fair degree of accuracy the nationality, sex and age (approximately). A study of the handwriting of the different nations makes it comparatively easy to recognize in any questioned specimen the nationality of the writer. The aggregate characteristics of a nation are reflected in the style of handwriting adopted as a national standard. The style most in use in the United States is the semi-angular, forward-slant hand, although the vertical round-hand is now being largely taught in the public schools and will affect the appearance of the writing of the next generation quite appreciably.

Frequently educational and newspaper critics compare unfavorably American writing with that of other nations. The writer has investigated the subject by collecting from many countries copy-books and specimens of writing from leading teachers of writing, students in various grades of schools, clerks and business men.

America is so far in advance of any other country in artistic and business penmanship that there is really no second. Americans as a whole write at a much higher rate of speed and with a freer movement than any other nations, and, consequently, many critics stop when they have criticised form alone, not making allowance for quantity. Nervous, rapid writers (and such the Americans are) produce writing more or less illegible, but it is not the fault of the standard so much as the speed with which the writing is done.

THE COPY-BOOK OF THE NATIONS

The writing of England is either angular (for rapid business style), or the civil service round-hand—too slow for the every-day rush of business. England's colonies, influenced by her copy-books and teachers, write about as England does. Canada is an exception, as her proximity to the United States causes her to mix the English and American styles, with the American gaining ground.

The German and French write two radically different styles. Hence the identity of the nation producing the writer as well as the identity of the writer himself usually can be established. Before the writer is known this frequently is of great benefit to the cause of justice, as it narrows down the search.

In the Baby Clark abduction case in New York, in the summer of 1899, the nurse girl advertisement which secured the place for the nurse was submitted to the writer. He gave as his opinion that the writing was (1) that of a woman; (2) of a person of more intelligence and higher station than the average nurse girl; (3) of a woman accustomed to do much writing—likely a newspaper writer, judging from style; (4) of a person between twenty-five and thirty years of age with a settled handwriting. The arrest and confession of the abductors proved this analysis to be correct.

Dr. Dwight's Message

THE thousands of Yale men who, not many months ago, read in their newspapers of the resignation of Dr. Timothy Dwight as President, have never even guessed that it was a kindly thought for them in the heart of the President that gave them the news with such celerity.

It was in the New Haven office of the Associated Press, one of those nights when news is so dull that even the "flimsy" curls up superciliously, and the telegraphers doze over their keys. The man in charge, if he had any wish at all, was hoping that, as he had to stay up, something would happen to keep him awake.

It was into this calm that the dear old President shuffled, with that walk of his which is known to generations of Yale men. He looked about for a moment at the unfamiliar surroundings, and then, while the young man was standing rigidly at attention, he drew out a big leather pocketbook and took a slip of paper from it.

"I have a little notice here," he said in his precise way, 'that I wish you would send out for me, so the boys can know about it."

As he spoke he handed the slip over. The young man took it mechanically. When his eye rested on the first sentence his hair went up. It was the President's resignation, information which the Press Association was only too glad to get and to telegraph over the country.

"Yes, yes, Mr. President," he said, his fingers itching to send out the biggest piece of news of the night. "Is there anything else, anything else we can do?" His words were overlapping in his eagerness.

"Nothing," said the famous old scholar, "but give me the bill for it."

The task was a long one, but it was explained to Doctor Dwight that far from there being any expense to him, the office was his debtor for the news.

He felt uncertain even as he left, though, and intimated that if it wasn't as important as they thought, he stood ready to pay all charges.

He has never been called on to pay the bill.

The Ordeal of Isabel

By Ellen MacKubin

A CONCERT in the morning, a gay little luncheon, the committee meeting of a charitable organization, the earliest studio tea of the winter, and afterward a visit to an old governess. It had been a day which would have seemed crowded to some of the toilers of the world, but to Isabel Vinton, an idle woman of fashion, it was merely the usual round. Intending to go to a ball later, she went to her room after dinner to lie down, read the letters brought by the last post, and look over the evening paper.

Her letters were circulars. She opened the paper and sprang up, gazing with shining eyes at a black headline:

PARTHIAN'S PLUM

ITALIAN PORTFOLIO GOES TO BRILLIANT YOUNG EDITOR

WILL ACCEPT THE POST

No doubt now that Noël Parthian will be new Minister to Italy Successful career of the young author-editor

Neither did Isabel doubt his decision. Successful as he already was, she knew the ambition he cherished to be in the service of his country, and the serene dignity of this appointment befitted the sensitive pride which would have shrunk from a position whose winning involved the personalities of a political contest.

"His heart's desire has come to him in the best years of his manhood." She flushed vividly. Self-remembrance rushed across her first selfless rejoicing.

"His heart's desire!" she repeated softly. "And mine?"

She sank back among the pillows, while memory and instinct assured her that this was the crisis of life for her as well as for him.

At eighteen, half a child and dazzled by the dawn of her triumphs as a beauty and an heiress, Isabel Vinton had refused with airy peremptoriness the penniless young lover whom summer chances had brought in her way. During six years she did not see him, and only thought of him when a poem of his recalled him to her remembrance. Then, after an absence in Europe, she found him conspicuous among her favorite clique, editor of a leading magazine, a poet of eminence as poets rank nowadays. The renewed acquaintance thus forced upon them had long since reached the point again where love had been exiled, and in the months which intervened Isabel had grown to believe that the exile of the past would return to become the sovereign of the future if——

It was a mighty "if" which at times darkened all the horizon of the woman's dreams with the shadow of the girl's folly.

He loved her, but he had not forgiven her. If some day he could offer her a fortune or a position greater than she possessed he might come to her again; never otherwise; and she, searching her own heart, knew that she justified him. To-night—which had crowned his ambition—would it glorify her belief in his love?

She was dressing for the ball when her maid brought her a note from him:

"I missed you everywhere this afternoon, and this evening I am forced to fulfill an engagement which gives me no hope of seeing you! Will you be so gracious as to let me come to you, alone, to-morrow afternoon?"

The bold writing had faltered. Isabel could almost divine the passionate entreaty of his eyes.

"You have by this time heard part of that which I desire to tell you, and you must understand that I am half mad with the longing to tell you the rest of it, but pen and ink will not utter it; and so, because a madman dares ask what a sane man would not venture, I beg you to keep all your dances for me to-night at the ball, where I shall not see you."

Her reply was a couple of lines:

"This is your day of days when nothing is refused you. Nor is to-morrow likely to withhold anything worth having that to-day would have given you."

When her maid returned after taking the note to the messenger Isabel sat gazing into the fire. "I shall not go to the ball," she said softly. "Good-night."

Isabel Vinton was a woman appreciative of the responsibilities of her wealth, and she would not shrink from a business appointment next morning, though she would rather have idly contemplated her tender assurance of happiness.

As she drove homeward up Fifth Avenue about noon she paled with a curious presage of evil. Madame de Roux's Victoria waited before a certain publishing house, while Parthian talked to that charming person and popular author with such interest that Isabel passed unseen.

Now Madame de Roux had been an influence of uneasiness to Isabel during recent months because her intimacy with Parthian seemed but scantily explained by their assertion of collaboration in a play. Bitter, therefore, was it that he who last night had desired to possess all her thoughts—even such as are bestowed on chance waltzes—should be to-day so far from remembrance of her that she could pass unobserved.

The next instant she assured herself that he and Madame de Roux had, of course, important affairs to discuss, as that lady was about to sail for Europe. And was not the earnestness of his attention to every present interest a charncteristic charm?

He had not asked for a special hour of the afternoon, and though she had fancied he would come early, five o'clock sounded before she grew impatient. At six impatience had lapsed into anxiety, and between six and eight she endured that torture of impotence which women suffer, with fear for men in whom they have no authorized possession which could seek news of them to whom their hearts belong.

But if she could not seek news, she could go to meet it. At eight she drove to a dinner where he also was bidden. Every tick of the clock hurt her while the hostess waited for a tardy guest, and she knew that laggard to be Parthian.

Finally, with a shrug of her white shoulders, the hostess put her hand on the arm of her chief guest.

"Mr. Parthian's new glories seem to have destroyed his memory, or his manners," she said somewhat tartly. "I have given him full measure of grace and he has neither come nor written."

"Did we wait for Parthian?" her escort demanded with the frank regret of a hungry man for that quarter of an hour's futile waiting. "I could have told you he would not turn up. As I passed the Union Station he dashed from a hansom, making an evident spurt for a train."

Drawn by John Worrell Adams

The next day to Isabel was a flutter of expectancy for a letter or telegram from him. The day following was devoured by a growing flame of resentment.

Was this ignominy of suspense the penance imposed by that unforgiveness she had always divined in his love for her? If she were but sure, she would refuse her life to the keeping of such a tyrant, even though her heart should break as the price of her freedom.

The newspapers, meantime, teemed with flattering paragraphs on Parthian's work or his personality; a new edition of his poems was advertised by his publishers; but there was never a word of his whereabouts or his movements.

With her first glance at the columns of an evening paper on the third day the feverish atmosphere of suspense and anger in which she had lived for days grew suddenly chill. Those staring headlines which for hours Isabel saw whenever she closed her eyes announced that Parthian had declined the ministry to Italy, and that at the office of his magazine it was stated that he had resigned the editorship on the same plea of urgent private affairs which he had assigned to the President. Further, it had been ascertained that a cabin was reserved in his name on the Cunard steamer sailing next week, and it was assumed that these vitally important private affairs were taking him away from the country he had no desire to serve. The article ended with regret for the sacrifice of a career which promised brilliantly along either of two such widely different lines, and with the conclusion, final as an epitaph on a tombstone, that poets were incomprehensible to their less highly endowed fellow-creatures.

Isabel, sitting with hands clasped to numbness and her face grown old and stern, told herself that she did not find this poet incomprehensible. Poets were doubtless more prone than their fellow-creatures to the mad abandon of repute and advantage for the gratification of a passion.

Did not Madame de Roux also sail in next week's Cunard steamer? If this were more than a coincidence, was it not incumbent on the man to resign the rewards of publicly appreciated talents without other uttered excuse than urgent private affairs?

The power of feigning developed by even the frankest women in one special need is a wonder as old as the first love-story. Isabel was never more radiant than at a dance that night when she serenely ascribed Parthian's extraordinary conduct to an improvident poetical temperament which preferred leisure for literary work to the solid benefits of the two positions from which he had withdrawn. And nobody guessed, unless perhaps some other woman, that her vivid face and brilliant eyes were lit by burning humiliation.

Several days elapsed, during which, much mention as she heard of Parthian, she gained no personal news of him except that visitors at his lodgings had been told that he was absent from the city.

These were days for which Isabel afterward made a grave in her memory—days when every faith tottered with the wreck of her love, and when, beneath even the bitter memory of her reply to his note, the very dregs of misery to her was the degradation of the man she had set so high.

Friday came without sight or sign of Parthian, and he was to sail on the morrow. It happened to be her afternoon at home, and she was talking and making tea when "Mr. Parthian" was announced.

Even in the half light of shaded lamps he looked worn and ill, but he barely touched her fingers, and his voice was cheery as he exclaimed:

"Please accept, for various broken engagements, the heartfelt regrets of a man who has not left his bed since nearly a week."

"We heard that you were out of town."

"I am blessed with a servant who lies with so honest a countenance that he would deceive the Father of Lies instead of merely the average newspaper reporter," he answered lightly. "And my physician insisted upon solitary confinement for me if I intended to sail to-morrow."

A chorus of questions broke from the group about the fire.

"Are you really off to-morrow?"

"What has been the matter with you?"

"Is your health the 'urgent private affair' which has made you cast aside two such pretty baubles?"

Isabel alone was silent as she gave him a cup of tea, and with a gay gesture of protest against the onslaught of inquiry he emptied the cup hurriedly before he replied.

"My illness was mostly overwork," he said, dropping into a chair. "My private affairs are still exclusively my own, and I really start for Europe to-morrow."

"We are snubbed!" a pretty woman laughed, uttering the resentful dumbness of the others.

Parthian glanced quickly about the circle with the smile which made charming his thin, clear-cut countenance.

"Forgive some abruptness, my friends. I hate going away too much to like talking about it," he exclaimed, and turned to the pretty woman who lamented that a winter in Europe was to be bestowed upon one who did not desire such a good fortune.

Everybody rose presently with a flutter of farewells.

Then Parthian and Isabel were alone.

He made no movement toward a chair, and she also stood motionless during an instant, in which she saw that speaking was yet more difficult to him than to herself.

"If you do not return within a few months you will not see me," she began formally.

"I shall not see you!" he repeated, just aloud.

Her words had been the utterance of plans she had scarcely considered, and merely announced a final severance from any anticipation of his return.

But the tone of his low voice pierced her love of him through her armor of contemptuous jealousy.

"What has happened to you? Tell me!" she entreated.

He caught her hand in one of his own, while with the other he lifted the silken shade from a lamp near by.

Of the remembered looks which stir a woman's heart to youth when she is old, Isabel will most cherish that with which his haggard eyes adored her when the white, unshielded light fell full upon her. Such longing, such despair was in those eyes—the eyes she loved—that she forgot all but her impulse to comfort him.

"Nothing should take you away if it is so great a grief to go!" she whispered.

He shut his eyes and dropped her hand.

"Good-by!" he murmured.

Half a dozen people bustled gayly into the room, and while she was greeting them he went away.

A couple of hours later Isabel sealed into her heart an anguish of debate as she drove to a dinner.

If ever love and surrender had gazed at a woman from the eyes of man she had seen them in Parthian's eyes that afternoon—yet no shame? Ah, yes! she reminded herself with scornful lips, men called it honor to keep a shameful bond and sacrifice their highest love to it.

He was gone. She had done with love and happiness. In the thirty or forty years that stretched before her there remained much she might find worth doing, and time for heartache over every glance and word of his. But now she must so play her part among curious critics that none should dare say that she had been forsaken.

The dinner was a small one. Eight friendly people gathered about a round, rose-crowned table. The women were pretty and clever; the men eminent in ways which contrasted without clashing. Even Isabel was roused to a fitful pleasure in the gay talk, and her attention was at last fixed by the celebrated physician who was her neighbor.

"It is a monopoly which is good for us," he replied to the laughing self-pity of the host, a well-known judge, who had lamented that his profession left him scant time for sympathetic contemplation of the world's progress. "Neither mind nor heart could bear the addition of outside sympathies to the demands our professions make upon us."

"You are right, as I prove more strenuously than you," the judge agreed gravely. "To pronounce a death sentence is a strain even upon accustomed nerves, unguessed by those who hear."

"I maintain my work to be beset with severer tests," the doctor said. "You pronounce sentence on a wretch whose crimes have made him a menace to society, which, through your lips, decides to be rid of him. Your flesh shivers, perhaps, with pity for his flesh, but your spirit approves that he is to be rewarded according to his deeds. Whereas I may pronounce sentence not upon a criminal's body, but upon the innocent happiness of a girl, or upon the noble ambition of a man whose strong hands grasp the great prizes of talent and energy. For, as you know, I am an oculist, and blindness in most cases limits as finally as death either happiness or ambition."

Such words spoken with such solemnity were not to be answered quickly. In the silence which followed, Isabel woke for the first time in a week from the absorption of her own life's crisis to an aching pity for the *weltschmerz* which throbs through the centuries.

"A few days ago," the doctor went on, "a man came to me—a widely known man in the early prime of life, with the world at his feet—and I delivered a sentence which bereft him of all he had won and all he yet hoped to win. I believe I speak with authority on the disease from which he suffers, and, so far as my knowledge goes, he will be blind within a few months."

A shock as from electricity thrilled Isabel. She was again in her drawing-room, saying with forced steadiness, "If you do not return within a few months you will not see me."

Again she heard Parthian's low echo of her words, "I shall not see you!"

Again he thrust the shade from the lamp and gazed at her with such eyes as a lost soul might gaze upon the blessed.

Presently the hostess arose. "Talk of something more cheery, if you can, you men," she exclaimed. "We women are too well aware of the lumps in our throats to talk at all!"

Isabel looked up at the doctor as he stood while she passed.

"Come to me soon," she murmured. "My need is vital."

"I see that it is," he answered. "I will follow you in a moment."

A plea of headache permitted her to escape to the comparative solitude of a bow window at the farther end of the drawing-room.

She had no doubt that she had heard the story of Parthian's doom. For a moment her spirit was at his knees, repenting the base motives with which her jealousy had poisoned her judgment of him. But the shame of her injustice was swept away by her yearning to the misery which overwhelmed him, whose capacity for suffering she knew to be more intense than that of tougher-fibred natures.

Drawn by John Wolcott Adams

What was there that he had striven for all the years of his manhood which had not been torn from him in the instant of realization?—ambition, usefulness, love——

"No! No! Not love, my dear!" Isabel murmured with passionate pardon for his doubt of her tenderness which she now believed to be the reason of his silence.

She quivered with eagerness. The evening was going. The steamer was advertised to sail at dawn on the morrow. Would the doctor never come to make her guessing certainty?

He walked down the room to her with simple directness.

"I was unprofessional to allude to a case even so vaguely," he said with a smile which was like the reassuring pressure of a strong hand. "But my patient is persistently in my thoughts."

"What you said would only betray him to one to whom it explains his sudden sweep of his future," she answered with soft vehemence. "I know that it is like Noël Parthian so to resign the dignities to which he had meant to add honor—like him to stand aside from a happiness he had meant to claim on equal terms—like him to rush away to hide his hopelessness as if he were some savage, hurt creature——"

"He is not quite hopeless," the doctor interposed. "The oculist to whom he went in Boston confirmed my view. But I have sent him to a German specialist who is more experienced in such cases than I, and whose word I will accept with conviction should he give it against mine."

Isabel's hands were flung out to him, and he patted them as though she had been one of his children.

"You guess—you understand," she murmured presently. "Why do I not mind?"

"Doctors are the confessors of all creeds," he said gently. "And this doctor must confess himself also. After Parthian had written his letters of resignation to the President and to his magazine people, on his return from Boston, he was prostrate with fever for several days, and I heard your name many times when he was unconscious of its utterance. Will you forgive me that, meeting you here, I have used strategy hoping to gain for him that which may save him to happiness and usefulness—even if the German specialist decides against him?"

Isabel rose. "You have saved me in trying to save him," she murmured. "God bless you for both!"

Isabel's mood had passed beyond the consideration of conventionality when she stepped into her carriage. She gave Parthian's address to her footman as mechanically as if she had said "Home," and she confronted Parthian's servant, when he opened his master's door, with a like forgetfulness of curiosity or conjecture.

"Mr. Parthian is in?"

"Yes, Miss Vinton, but——"

She passed him, and entered the sitting-room, where she had made tea for many a gay assemblage.

Parthian, who leaned idly on the high mantel-shelf, lifted his head from his folded arms and stared at her dumbly.

The haggard helplessness of his silence was more eloquent to her than many words.

"Noël—I know," she faltered, and stretched out two trembling hands to him, but he stood passive.

"All these years I have meant to come to you with my triumph," he said. "You shall not come to my defeat with pity."

"If your triumph was to be mine, your defeat must be mine also," she said. "And only love could bring me to either."

With a sob he caught her in his arms, and his head sank on her shoulder.

"My defeat will be so entire—the years of it may be so many," he murmured presently. "How can I not doubt that your youth, your brilliance will some day regret——?"

"Some day I will forgive your doubts and you shall forgive my injustice," she whispered, her wet cheek close to his dark hair. "But now—and then—and always—no defeat shall be entire to either of us if I may be—your eyes to you!"

Slow Work in Chicago

WHEN the Chicago Anarchists were hanged great preparations were made by Amos J. Cummings, then editor of the New York Evening Sun, to get the news ahead of the other evening newspapers. A direct wire ran from the jail in Chicago to The Evening Sun office, and an alert operator was at each end of the wire. The form of the first page was made up and ready to print, with the single exception of a line giving the time of the hanging. That line was to be inserted as soon as the news flashed from Chicago. Then the form would be locked, turned over to the stereotypers who would make a matrix, stereotype the plates, rush them down to the presses, and in a minute or two more the papers would be in the hands of the newsboys on the street.

About ten o'clock in the morning, however, a boy rushed into the office with a copy of an evening newspaper containing an alleged account of the hanging of the Anarchists.

Cummings grabbed the paper from the boy and rushed with it over to the operator.

"Look at that," he cried.

"They have not been hanged," answered the operator calmly. "I have this minute been talking over the wire to our man in the jail at Chicago and he tells me they haven't yet left their cells for the scaffold."

Then Cummings scanned the newspaper more closely and realized that it had anticipated the news. He picked up a bit of copy paper and scribbled on it these words:

"BEWARE OF BOGUS EXTRAS!"

"Here," he said to one of the office boys; "have a bulletin made of that and put it up in front of the office."

Then for two hours Cummings and every one else in the office waited for the news of the hanging. The suspense became almost unbearable, for all the time the rival paper was selling in the streets and the newsboys' cries came in through the windows. As the time dragged on Cummings became more and more nervous. He hung around the operator and asked him a hundred times if he was sure everything was all right. His excitement was intense. At last, when the editor was so wrought up that it was not safe to speak to him, the instrument clicked and the operator yelled out:

"Mr. Cummings, the drop is falling!"

Cummings, who had been walking to and fro, suddenly stopped stock-still. His form was rigid. His face worked and his eyes blazed. Then he roared out at the frightened operator:

"How long does it take a drop to fall in Chicago?"

A roar of laughter from the reporters in the office relieved the tension, the operator shouted the exact time of the hanging, the foreman of the composing-room inserted the line in the form, and in five minutes the paper was out.

MEN & WOMEN of the HOUR

PHOTO BY CLINEDINST, WASHINGTON, D. C.

MRS. JOHN SHERMAN

Why John Sherman Declined a Nomination

Soon after former Secretary of State John Sherman married Miss Margaret Stewart, the only child of Judge Stewart, of Mansfield, Ohio, he wrote to a friend: "You ask me about my wife. I married an ideal woman whom I have known a long time, and the longer I know her the better I love her."

And this statement is to-day the best index to Mrs. Sherman's character. Her education was the most advanced afforded at the time of her girlhood. She studied at the Female College of Granville, Ohio, and her schooling was finished at the Patapsco Institute of Baltimore, which was then one of the most fashionable schools of the country. The bride and bridegroom made a never-to-be-forgotten trip to Niagara Falls, Montreal, Quebec, Saratoga and other places. Then she settled down to her home duties, and she threw herself so much into her husband's public and private life that her friends said she had lost all her individuality, and Mr. Sherman called her his "memory" and his "conscience."

In May, 1879, the Senator prevailed upon her to take their adopted daughter, Mary, and some of her friends upon a tour of the Continent, and Mrs. Sherman and the party went to Switzerland, France and other countries which she had expressed a desire to visit, and where her health and strength were renewed. She placed her daughter in a school in Switzerland and returned to Ohio. During her absence the Senator was offered the nomination for Governor of Ohio, and in answering the leader of his constituency he paid his wife one of the greatest tributes which he possibly could have done. He wrote a reply which was in part as follows: "In ordinary circumstances an election as Governor of Ohio after my life in the Senate would be flattering, but I have many reasons for not accepting the honor. One, perhaps rather personal, is that my wife has gone to Europe on a visit of recreation greatly needed by her, and the nomination would require me to recall her to open my house."

The New Senator from California

Hon. Thomas Robert Bard, the new United States Senator from California, was born at Chambersburg, Franklin County, Pennsylvania, December 6, 1841. He is of Scotch-Irish extraction, and was educated at the Chambersburg Academy. When only seventeen years old he began the study of law, but before completing his course entered an engineering corps. Afterward he became assistant superintendent of the Cumberland Valley Railroad, with headquarters at Hagerstown, Maryland. During the Civil War he served as Government scout in Maryland. Mr. Bard went to Ventura County in 1864, as the agent of Colonel Thomas A. Scott, where he took full charge of Colonel Scott's California interests, consisting mainly in the development of the oil industry. At twenty-three he was sole manager of 350,000 acres, and four years later was made county supervisor. He was a delegate to the National Republican Convention at Chicago in 1884 that nominated Blaine. In 1880 he was a Presidential elector-at-large, and in 1892 an elector, being in that year the only Republican elector from California seated. His interest in politics has been steadfast and keen.

Senator Bard has always been active in oil development, and is a large owner in the Union Oil Company of California. He is president of the Bank of Hueneme, and founded the town of Hueneme. His big place near Hueneme evinces his passionate love of flowers. In 1876 he married Miss Mary Gerboding, of San Francisco.

THOMAS ROBERT BARD

PHOTO BY BROWSTER

What Madame Sembrich Did for Miss Bridewell

Miss Carrie Bridewell, contralto in the choir of Doctor Parkhurst's church in New York, is not only beautiful and young, but she has made a reputation with marvelous rapidity. Miss Bridewell is one of a number of Southern women who have won fame recently in New York. She belongs to an old Creole family in New Orleans. She spent her childhood and early womanhood in Birmingham, Alabama. She went to New York a short time ago to study music, and her sweet, rich voice soon attracted attention in church circles. Her place in Doctor Parkhurst's choir is reported to be one of the best paid positions in New York.

Miss Bridewell owes her rapid rise in musical circles to the part she took in the Maine Music Festival held in Portland and Bangor last summer under the direction of Mr. Chapman. Madame Sembrich, whose genius and generosity are synonymous terms, was the star singer of the Festival, and after the opening concert she became the warm friend and patron of the young New York vocalist. She advised her as to her method and her teacher. She laid plans for her future and interested herself in her present needs. The result of it all is that Miss Bridewell, although a choir and concert singer of renown, is studying hard under the best masters to be found in New York, and next fall she will go abroad to complete her studies and step into a place already waiting for her on the lyric stage.

PHOTO BY ROCKWOOD, NEW YORK

MISS CARRIE BRIDEWELL

The Masterly Silence of Mayor Van Wyck

Since his inaugural as the first Mayor of the Greater New York on January 1, 1898, Robert H. Van Wyck has not given an interview to a single newspaper reporter, has not answered an inquiry for publication, and has not attended a public function of a social character. It is true that he acted as Admiral Dewey's host when that officer was entertained by the city, but as the ceremonies did not include a dinner he was not forced to break his self-imposed rule. The Mayor's life is as regular as clockwork. His bachelor's home up town is as systematically arranged as his office in City Hall, and he never allows anything to interfere with his method in either place. While a City Judge, the Mayor was prominent as a diner out and theatre goer, but neither amusement apparently has any attraction for him now.

When he took office, the Mayor received the reporters of the city newspapers in a body.

"During the next four years," he said, "I shall never speak to any of you for publication. You will all have an even chance, for I shall refuse interviews to every one impartially. There is no use in coming to me with questions propounded by your editors, for I shall not answer them. But," he added, "anything that you may overhear in the Mayor's office is public property. If I talk on business to a man so that I can be overheard you are welcome to make use of it."

That was more than two years ago, and the Mayor has held to his promise to the letter. Scores of reporters have been obliged to put certain questions to him or lose their places, but he has invariably listened to them courteously and turned away in silence. All of his public utterances take the form of comments or speeches in the public proceedings of the various boards he is a member of, or in peppery and pointed remarks, made in his high-pitched voice, to visitors who call upon him during office hours and provoke him to speech.

Of all New York's Mayors none has been busier than Judge Van Wyck. He is regularly in his office at ten and often earlier, and leaves for his luncheon with Colonel Ladd, his legal adviser, usually at one. After an hour's absence he returns and remains until the last vestige of business is cleared away. Most men have some peculiarity as to their dress. Mayor Van Wyck's runs to neckties. He always wears a flowing black tie such as artists used to affect.

Honorable Champ Clark's Autobiography

Not long ago one of Mr. Clark's friends asked him for a short autobiographical sketch. The following characteristic communication was the response:

"Your request that I tell you all about myself and throw in two or three stories, all in seven hundred and fifty words, reminds me of an introduction I heard a rural chairman give an ambitious candidate: 'Ladies and gentlemen, Mr. Vere de Vere will now tell you all he knows—in ten minutes.' When I was a boy back in the hill country of Kentucky I heard a man preach who knew much more about theology than about grammar. After reading his text, he said: 'Brethern and sisters, the whole Gospel is all squz up in that one little verse.' When Abraham Lincoln was asked by the compiler of the Congressional Directory for particulars of his early life, he replied: 'They may all be compiled in one poetic line—"The short and simple annals of the poor"—an answer literally true and full of pathos. If my biography were 'all squz up' in a few words it would run thus: 'Forty-odd years of unremitting toil.' I can't remember back to a time when I was not at hard labor of some sort—on a farm, in a store, teaching school, editing a newspaper, practicing law, serving as a legislator. I began teaching before I was fifteen and was president of a college at twenty-three.

"The happiest hours of my life were when I graduated, when I married, and when my children were born; the saddest, when two of them died. A sweet baby is the greatest luxury in Nature.

"I have been defeated once for a nomination and twice at the polls. Have been elected several times. A newspaper reporter once asked me how it feels to be defeated. That depends on circumstances and temperament. The first sensation is that produced by an ice-water bath. Then one of anger. Then a determination to pick your flint and try it again. That's the effect on a healthy, robust, resolute man. Some have had their hearts broken by defeat—Horace Greeley, for instance.

"Nothing is so dreadful in prospect or so unimportant in the retrospect as defeat for office. The people give; the people take away; blessed be the name of the people.

"I knew a man who was candidate for Probate Judge; but the people defeated him for that position and the same day elected him Justice of the Peace. He was happy as a clam at high tide—he got an office, and to him an office was an office just as, according to Tennyson, 'A lord is a lord.'

PHOTO BY PARKER, WASHINGTON, D. C.

CHAMP CLARK

"A Pike County man ran for the Legislature in an early day, on the platform that he would have a law enacted causing the east half of the Mississippi to run north and the west half run south, so the people could have flatboating both ways the year around. He was elected to stay at home. In that campaign he also proved to his own satisfaction that instead of Pike County having three County Judges she really had one hundred. Here is his *modus operandi*: 'Judge A is 1; Judges B and C are two naughts; 1 and two naughts make 100—Q. E. D.'

"The sweetest recollection of my professional life is that while Prosecuting Attorney, though I sent a good many persons to the penitentiary, I let twenty-five off with fines or jail sentences whom I could have sent to the penitentiary. They were boys indicted for their first offense. Of the twenty-five, twenty-four are good citizens to-day. The other was an incorrigible, natural-born thief, and served a term.

"The longer I practice criminal law, the more firmly I believe in two theories: 1. Any man is liable to commit homicide; 2. He is liable to do it about nothing, practically. For instance, I cleared a man for killing his brother who had killed another brother. Those two killings were produced by a quarrel growing out of the rent of four corn rows. The man I cleared is now a preacher in good standing.

"Later, I cleared a celebrated evangelist for nearly killing a man by sticking a knife into him. That cutting was caused by a contention about fifty cents.

"In the first case cited none of the three brothers cared much for the rent of four rows of corn; in the second case neither of the men cared much for the half dollar. I believe that criminal law is the highest branch of the law.

"What was the greatest fee I ever received? The love of men whose lives I saved and the gratitude of their wives and children. Yours,

CHAMP CLARK."

"PUBLICK OCCURRENCES" That are Making HISTORY

The Big Problems of a Larger Navy

Admiral Sampson says that the United States Navy should be twice as large as it is now. Honorable John D Long, the Secretary of the Navy, pleads for an increase, and, on his recommendation, Congress is asked to authorize the construction of three armored cruisers of 13,000 tons displacement, of twelve gunboats of 900 tons displacement, and three protected cruisers of 8000 tons displacement. The protected cruisers were suggested a year before, but the new recommendation increases their size from 6000 to 8000 tons showing one feature of the growth of the modern navy. In all of these recommendations President McKinley concurs, and both Senator Hale, the Chairman of the Senate Committee on Naval Affairs, and Representative Foss, the Chairman of the House Committee, are quoted in favor of a larger navy

It is hard to express even in figures just what this increase means or how many large problems it involves. There are in the present navy of the United States 314 vessels of all kinds, including those now being built. Of these more than 190 belong to the regular navy, and the others to the auxiliary force. According to an excellent authority the existing naval fleet represents an expenditure for construction of about $125,000,000, and those being built or awaiting acceptance will cost, exclusive of armament, $40,000,000; so, all told, it will be no exaggeration to say that we have in our present naval strength an investment of about $200,000,000. Even with this we are scarcely a first rate naval power At best we stand only third in the lists of the world. What it will mean to take our position in the front rank can be quickly gathered from Great Britain's experience

For this year alone Great Britain is spending over $150,000,000 on her navy. She has nearly 500 vessels, and the cost of the whole navy is placed at almost $600,000,000. Besides that, there are nearly thirty new vessels under construction, and if these be included the total would be increased almost another $100,000,000

There are several interesting problems connected with the increase of new ships, the main one being the price of armor plate. Congress passed an act limiting the price to $300 the ton though the great mills which manufactured it want nearly $600 the ton For a time the Harvey plate was preferred, but now the Krupp plate has the call. In view of the sensational disclosures as to the enormous profits made by the big steel mills, the progress of this question will be watched with more than ordinary interest. The steel companies assert that they cannot and will not supply the plate for $300 the ton, and they point to the fact that the latest British battle-ship will be supplied with Krupp plates at $587 the ton

SENATOR EUGENE HALE OF MAINE

CONGRESSMAN GEORGE FOSS, OF ILLINOIS

Representative Cummings, a member of the Naval Committee, explains the difference between the two plates as follows: "A Krupp plate, no matter of what thickness, will harden to one third of this thickness. A Harvey plate, no matter how thick, will harden only to the extent of three fourths of an inch It therefore follows that a Krupp plate of twelve inches thickness will be equal, if not superior, to a sixteen-inch Harvey plate.

As the armor of the modern battle ship is of vital importance this problem is one of the very first in the building of a larger navy. Of course, the higher price of the material will add enormously to the cost of the ships

Coal Bins All Over the World

In the late war with Spain the standing order of the Secretary was that all the ships should be kept full of the best coal obtainable. The controversies that came after the war referred largely to the question of a coal supply. Since then the department has been laying in supplies in every part of the world where the fuel may be needed by our ships of war We are acquiring coaling stations in islands wherever it can be done. In our new colonies thousands of tons are being stored. Take, for instance, the Dry Tortugas and Key West, the points which command the entrances to the Gulf of Mexico. There will be piers and coal sheds with a capacity of 20,000 tons, and the channel will be dredged so that the largest ships will have no difficulty. By extending the chain of stations this country will be in control of the entire Gulf. On the Pacific Coast buildings will be erected with a capacity of 100,000 tons of coal. More buildings and piers will be constructed at Honolulu, at Guam and in the Philippines and thus gradually there will be built up a complete system of coal depots in various parts of the world

The Largest Naval Bill in Our History

The Naval Appropriation Bill will be the largest ever known. As it came from the Navy Department it called for $[illegible],000,000. This, of course, will be changed and somewhat modified in the Committee and by Congress. It will probably be scaled down $10,000,000 or more. Included in the amount is $12,000,000 which will be spent for new buildings for the Naval Academy at Annapolis, and for dry docks at League Island Navy Yard, Philadelphia; Portsmouth, New Hampshire Boston; Algiers, Louisiana, and Mare Island, California

It happened, several years ago, that when some of our largest ships needed to be cleaned we had to send them to British docks and the country was mortified by the fact. We had dry docks in this country, but they were either not large enough, or bad construction or too much politics had made them valueless Great dry docks are absolutely essential to a larger navy, and thus the docks which Civil Engineer Endicott has designed, and which will be placed at the available points on the three coasts, will be the most perfect of their kind in the world They will be of stone and will be as strong as masonry and granite can make them. They will be 750 feet long, and two of our present battle ships may be docked in each at the same time. There will be [illegible],000 cubic feet of granite, 60,000 cubic yards of concrete, and 8 million pounds of steel in their construction, figures which give a faint idea of their magnitude

A great many things go with these new improvements. For instance, at the League Island Navy Yard, which will probably become the greatest naval station in the country, new headquarters at a cost of over $50,000, officers' quarters costing over $25[illegible] the new storehouse for ships' equipment costing $36,000, and other different buildings, costing in all from one to two hundred thousand dollars, will be erected. The place will be beautified also, so that our navy yards will look like attractive parks and will afford a wealth of interest to those who visit them.

Training for the Men Behind the Guns

In order to work these marvelous machines to the best advantage the Government must have experts not only in every branch of the service but practically in every position on the ships. The writer of this spent a very pleasant afternoon with Captain Gridley, who afterward was one of the heroes and one of the victims of the battle of Manila, when he was in command of the receiving ship at League Island Those who knew him recall his charming personality and his deep interest in the welfare of the men. In the course of the afternoon he took his visitors through the ships at the station and pointed out the fine quality of the seamen. "We have," he said, "the very pick of the strong manhood of the country. The slightest physical defect turns a man down, because with such a large number of applicants we can afford to be particular. Look at those men! They are like race-horses, sound in every bone and nerve of their bodies."

And after that, in the general conversation there were pleasant comments of what such men would do if they were ever called upon to defend their country's flag. No one then had the remotest idea about any possibility of foreign war, but it was not many months before the social words spoken in easy compliment were fully realized

The simple fact is that the American Navy has set a standard for its men which is even greater than the superexcellence of its machinery. The country which has surpassed the world in mechanical merit, whose ships are acknowledged to be the best afloat, and whose guns represent the most powerful and the most accurate implements of war has also furnished the most effective men, and it is necessary that this standard should be maintained.

Thus it is that the Naval Academy is being remodeled, increased and improved Thus it is that there are training ships at all the important ports. At San Francisco there is a naval station with barracks 300 feet long by 260 feet deep, accommodating 500 boys who are being trained for the navy

And if there are any latent possibilities in a boy or young man who gets into the American Navy of to day, the experience gives him a physical strength and power possible in no other public service of the Government.

JOHN D. LONG, SECRETARY OF THE NAVY

New Types of the American War-Ships

There have been many interesting efforts to add curious craft to the modern navy. The submarine boat has been built in both hemispheres. A Frenchman has a boat that sinks and makes its way successfully beneath water. An Englishman has invented a submarine arrangement which acts on the same principle as a telescopic satchel and fires torpedoes at the unsuspecting foe In this country Mr Holland unquestionably demonstrated that a boat of his type could disappear and reappear at command and could travel intelligently under the surface. So successful were his demonstrations that a bill was introduced into Congress for twenty submarine boats of the Holland type. But the naval men neither of this country nor of Europe look upon the submarine boat with favor. A curious reason is given by the critics of these experts. They say that the old officers object to them mainly because they have no luxurious rooms or quarter decks

Be this as it may, there is no questioning the fact that the new battle-ships have officers' quarters that are luxurious beyond all precedent. The new Kearsarge, a battle-ship of 12,000 tons displacement, which is the heaviest in our navy, awakens the enthusiasm of all the officers who are to sail in it, for the quarters are said to be the finest of any battle-ship in the world. The new Kearsarge is the first of five magnificent vessels; the second, the Kentucky, is practically completed, and the Illinois, the Ohio and Alabama are in course of construction. Three others that will come along later are the Maine, Missouri and Wisconsin

But though all these boats will largely increase the standard of size in our navy, still larger things are planned Admiral Hichborn, the Chief Naval Constructor, is looking forward to battle-ships of 15,000 tons that will make twenty-one knots an hour. These would be finer and more powerful than any ships afloat, and would increase the speed greatly. Hitherto our battle-ships were required to make only sixteen knots—the Kearsarge exceeded this—but in the Maine, Missouri and Wisconsin eighteen knots are demanded. Abroad, the fastest battle ships now being built will make twenty knots

All this is enormously expensive, of course, but a big navy means millions of increase every year. The present generation will live to see our navy costing us over one hundred millions a year, and possibly the next century will not be very old before it may reach two hundred millions

Other nations are limiting their navies only by the abilities of their exchequers. Emperor William's consuming ambition is [illegible] have a navy equal to the best He has announced his determination to [illegible] serve on and carry through the work of reorganizing my navy in order that it may be justified in standing by my land forces and this means millions and millions of taxes wrung from the people. A great navy costs

CIVIL ENGINEER MONTGOMERY ENDICOTT

Three MEN on Four Wheels

By Jerome K. Jerome

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George, Harris and the author are making a holiday bicycle tour through Germany. After numerous wild adventures, they reach the Black Forest. A safety and a tandem are the mounts.

Lost in the Black Forest

THERE was one night when, tired out and far from town or village, we slept in a Black Forest farmhouse. The great charm about the Black Forest house is its sociability. The cows are in the next room, the horses are upstairs, the geese and ducks are in the kitchen, while the pigs, the children and the chickens live all over the place.

You are dressing, when you hear a grunt behind you.

"Good morning. Don't happen to have any potato peelings in here? No, I see you haven't; good by."

Next there is a cackle, and you see the neck of an old hen stretched around the corner.

"Fine morning, isn't it? You don't mind my bringing this worm of mine in here, do you? It is so difficult in this house to find a room where one can enjoy one's food with any quietness. I have always been a slow eater, and when a dozen—— There, I thought they wouldn't leave me alone. Now they'll all want a bit. You don't mind my getting on the bed, do you? Perhaps here they won't notice me."

While you are dressing, various shock heads peer in at the door; they evidently regard the room as a temporary menagerie. You cannot tell whether the heads belong to boys or girls; you can only hope they are all male. It is of no use to shut the door, because there is nothing to fasten it by, and the moment you are gone they push it open again. You breakfast as the Prodigal Son is generally represented feeding: a pig or two drop in to keep you company; a party of elderly geese criticise you from the door; you gather from their whispers, added to their shocked expression, that they are talking scandal about you. Maybe a cow will condescend to give a glance in.

This Noah's Ark arrangement it is, I suppose, that gives to the Black Forest home its distinctive scent. It is not a scent you can liken to any one thing. It is as if you took

You are dressing, when you hear a grunt

roses and Limburger cheese, and hair oil, some heather and onions, peaches and soapsuds, together with a dash of sea air, and mixed them all up together. You cannot define any particular odor, but you feel they are all there—all the odors that the world has yet discovered. People who live in these houses are fond of this mixture. They do not open the window and lose any of it; they keep it carefully bottled up. If you want any other scent you can go outside and smell the wood violets and the pines; inside, there is the house; and after a while, I am told, you get to miss it, and are unable to go to sleep in any other atmosphere.

We had a long walk before us the next day, and it was our desire, therefore, to get up early, even so early as six o'clock if that could be managed without disturbing the whole household. We put it to our hostess whether she thought this could be done. She said she thought it could. She might not be about herself at that time; it was her morning for going into the town, some eight miles off, and she rarely got back much before seven. But possibly her husband or one of the boys would be returning home to lunch about that hour. Anyhow, somebody should be sent back to wake us and get us our breakfast.

■

As it turned out, we did not need any waking. We got up at four, all by ourselves. We got up at four in order to get away from the noise and the din that was making our heads ache. What time the Black Forest peasants rise in the summer time I am unable to say; to us they appeared to be getting up all night. And the first thing the Black Forester does when he gets up is to put on a pair of stout boots with wooden soles and take a constitutional around the house. Until he has been three times up and down the stairs he does not feel he is up. Once fully awake himself, the next thing he does is to go upstairs to the stables and wake up a horse. (The Black Forest house being built generally on the side of a steep hill, the ground floor is at the top and the hayloft at the bottom.) Then the horse, it would seem, must also have its constitutional around the house, and, this seen to, the man goes downstairs into the kitchen and begins to chop wood; and when he has chopped sufficient wood he feels pleased with himself and begins to sing. All things considered, we came to the conclusion we could not do better than follow the excellent example set us.

We had a frugal breakfast at half past four and started away at five. Our road lay over a mountain, and from inquiries made in the village it appeared to be one of those roads you cannot possibly miss. I suppose everybody knows this sort of road. Generally it leads you back to where you started from; and when it doesn't you wish it did, so that at all events you might know where you were. I foresaw evil from the very first, and before we had accomplished a couple of miles we came up with it. The road divided into three. A worm-eaten signpost indicated that the path to the left led to a place that we had never heard of—that was on no map. Its other arm, pointing out the direction of the middle road, had disappeared. The road to the right, so we all agreed, clearly led back again to the village.

"The old man said distinctly," so Harris reminded us, "keep straight on around the hill!"

"Which hill?" George asked pertinently. We were confronted by about half a dozen, some of them big and some of them little.

"He told us," continued Harris, "that we should come to a wood."

"I see no reason to doubt him," commented George, "whichever road we take." As a matter of fact, a dense wood covered every hill.

"And he said," murmured Harris, "that we should reach the top in about an hour and a half."

"There," said George, "I begin to disbelieve him."

"Well, what shall we do?" asked Harris.

■

Now, I happen to possess the bump of locality. It is not a virtue; I make no boast of it. It is merely an animal instinct that I cannot help. That things occasionally get in my way—mountains, precipices, rivers, and such like obstructions—is no fault of mine. My instinct is correct enough; it is the earth that is wrong. I led them by the middle road. That the middle road had not character enough to continue for any quarter of a mile in the same direction, that after three miles up and down hill it ended abruptly in a wasps' nest, was not a thing that should have been laid to my door. If the middle road had gone in the direction it ought to have done it would have taken us to where we wanted to go; of that I am convinced. Even as it was I would have continued to use this gift of mine to discover a fresh way had a proper spirit been displayed toward me. But I am not an angel; I admit this frankly; and I decline to exert myself for the ungrateful and the ribald. Therefore it was that I washed my hands of the affair and Harris entered upon the vacancy.

"Well," said Harris, "I suppose you are satisfied with what you have done?"

"I am quite satisfied," I replied from the heap of stones where I was sitting. "So far I have brought you with safety. For all you know, you may be just where you want to be."

"Do not misunderstand us," said Harris. "Both George and myself feel that without your assistance we should never be where we now are. For that we give you every credit. But instinct is liable to err. What I propose to do is to substitute for it science, which is exact. Now, where's the sun?"

"Don't you think," said George, "that if we made our way back to the village and hired a boy for a mark to guide us it would save time in the end?"

"It would be wasting hours," replied Harris with decision. "You leave this to me." He took out his watch and began turning himself round and round.

"It's as simple as A B C," he continued. "You point the short hand at the sun; then you bisect the segment between the short hand and the twelve; and thus you get the north."

He worried up and down for a while, then he fixed it.

"Now I've got it," he said; "that's the north. Now give me the map."

We handed it to him and he examined it.

"Todtmoos, from here," he said, "is south by southwest."

"How do you mean 'from here'?" asked George.

"Why, from here, where we are," returned Harris.

"But where are we?" said George.

This worried Harris for a time.

"It doesn't matter where we are," he said at length; "wherever we are, Todtmoos is south by southwest. Come on—we are only wasting time."

"I don't quite see how you make it out," said George, as he stood and shouldered his knapsack. "But I suppose it doesn't matter. We are out for our health."

"We shall be all right," said Harris with cheery confidence. "We shall be in at Todtmoos before ten, don't you worry. And at Todtmoos we will have something to eat."

■

He said that he himself fancied a beefsteak, followed by an omelette. George said that personally he intended to keep his mind off the subject until he saw Todtmoos.

We walked for half an hour, then, emerging upon an opening, we saw below us about two miles away the village through which we had passed that morning. It had a quaint church with an outside staircase; a somewhat unusual [illegible].

The sight of it made me sad. We had been walking hard for three hours and a half, and had accomplished, apparently, about four miles. But Harris was delighted.

"Now, at last," said Harris, "we know where we are."

"I thought you said it didn't matter," George reminded him.

"No more it does, practically," replied Harris, "but it is just as well to be certain. Now I feel more confidence in myself."

"I'm not so sure about that being an advantage," murmured George. But I do not think Harris heard him.

"We are now," continued Harris, "east of the sun, and Todtmoos is southwest of where we are. So that if—"

He broke off. "By the by," he said, "do you remember whether I said the bisecting line of that segment pointed to the north or to the south?"

"You said it pointed to the north," replied George.

"Are you positive?" persisted Harris.

"Positive," answered George; "but don't let that influence your calculations. In all probability you were wrong."

Harris thought for a while; then his brow cleared.

"That's all right," he said; "of course it's the north. It must be the north. How could it be the south? Now we must make for the west. Come on."

"I am quite willing to make for the west," said George; "any point of the compass is the same to me. I only wish to remark that at the present moment we are going dead east."

"No, we are not," returned Harris; "we are going west."

"We are going east, I tell you," said George.

"I wish you wouldn't keep saying that," said Harris; "you confuse me."

"I don't mind if I do," returned George; "I would rather do that than go wrong. I tell you we are going dead east."

"What nonsense!" retorted Harris. "There's the sun."

"I can see the sun," answered George, "quite distinctly. It may be where it ought to be according to you and science, or it may not. All I know is, that when we were down in the village that particular hill with that particular lump of

"I think," said George, as he stood looking down at it, "this is the best view we've had of it as yet"

Editor's Note Three Men on Four Wheels was begun in the Post of January 6. Each chapter is practically an independent story and may be read without reference to preceding instalments.

rock upon it was due north of us At the present moment we are facing due east

"You are quite right," said Harris; "I forgot for a moment that we had turned around."

"I should get into the habit of making a note of it if I were you," grumbled George; "it's a manœuvre that will probably occur again more than once."

We faced about and walked in the other direction. At the end of forty minutes' climbing we again emerged upon an opening, and again the village lay just under our feet. On this occasion it was south of us

"This is very extraordinary," said Harris

"I see nothing remarkable about it," said George. "If you walk steadily around a village it is only natural that now and then you get a glimpse of it. As for myself, I am glad to see it. It proves to me that we are not utterly lost."

"It ought to be the other side of us," said Harris

"It will be in another hour or so," said George, "if we keep on"

■

I said little myself: I was vexed with both of them; but I was glad to notice George evidently growing cross with Harris. It was absurd of Harris to fancy he could find the way by the sun.

"I wish I knew," said Harris thoughtfully, whether that bisecting line points to the north or to the south

"I should make up my mind about it," said George, "it's an important point."

"It's impossible it can be the north, [illegible] Harris, "and I'll tell you why

"You needn't trouble," said George; "I am quite prepared to believe it isn't."

"You said just now it was," said Harris reproachfully

"I said nothing of the sort," retorted George; "I said you said it was; a very different thing. If you think it isn't, let's go the other way It'll be a change, at all events

So Harris worked things out according to the contrary calculation, and again we plunged into the wood; and again, after half an hour's stiff climbing, we came in view of that same village. True, this time it lay between us and the sun.

"I think," said George, as he stood looking down at it, "this is the best view we've had of it as yet There is only one other point from which we can see it. After that, we can go down into it and get some rest."

"I don't believe it's the same village, said Harris; "it can't be."

"There's no mistaking that church," said George. "But maybe it is a case on all fours with that Prague statue. Possibly the authorities hereabouts have had made some life-sized models of that village and have stuck them about to see where the thing would look best. Anyhow, which way do we go now?"

"I don't know," said Harris, "and I don't care. I have done my best; you've done nothing but grumble and confuse me

■

"I may have been critical," admitted George, "but look at the thing from my point of view. One of you says he's got an instinct, and leads me to a wasps' nest in the middle of a wood."

"I can't help wasps building in a wood, I replied

"I don't say you can" answered George "I am not arguing; I am merely stating incontrovertible facts. The other one, who leads me up and down hill for hours on scientific principles, doesn't know the north from the south, and is never quite sure whether he's turned around or whether he hasn't Personally, I profess to no instincts beyond the ordinary, nor am I a scientist. But two fields off I can see a man. I am going to offer him the worth of the hay he is cutting which I estimate at one mark fifty pfennigs, to leave his work and lead me to within sight of Todtmoos. If you two fellows like to follow, you can. If not, you can start another system and work it out by yourselves.

George's plan lacked both originality and aplomb, but at the moment it appealed to us. Fortunately we had worked around to a very short distance away from the spot where we had originally gone wrong, with the result that, aided by the gentleman of the scythe, we recovered the road and reached Todtmoos four hours later than we had calculated to reach it with an appetite that took forty five minutes' steady work in silence to abate.

From Todtmoos we had intended to walk down to the Rhine, but having regard to our extra exertions of the morning we decided to promenade in a carriage, as the French would say, and for this purpose hired a picturesque-looking vehicle, drawn by a horse that I should have called barrel bodied but for contrast with his driver, in comparison with whom he was angular. In Germany every vehicle is arranged for a pair of horses, but drawn generally by one This gives to the equipage a lopsided appearance, according to our notions; but it is held here to indicate style. The idea to be conveyed is that you usually drive a pair of horses, but that for the moment you have mislaid the other one. The German driver is not what we should call a first class whip. He is at his best when he is asleep. Then, at all events, he is harmless; and the horse being, generally speaking, intelligent and experienced, progress under these conditions is comparatively safe. If in Germany they could only train the horse to collect the money at the end of the journey there would be no need for a coachman at all. This would be a distinct relief to the passenger, for when the German coachman is awake and not cracking his whip he is generally occupied in getting himself into trouble or out of it He is better at the former

Once I recollect driving down a steep Black Forest hill with a couple of ladies. It was one of those winding corkscrew roads. The hill arose at an angle of seventy-five on the off side, and fell away at an angle of seventy-five on the near side. We were proceeding very comfortably, the driver, we were happy to notice, with his eyes shut, when suddenly something—a bad dream or indigestion—awoke him. He seized the reins, and by an adroit movement pulled the near horse over the side, where it clung, half supported by the traces. Our driver did not appear in the least annoyed or surprised; both horses, I also noticed, seemed equally used to the situation. We got out and he got down. He took from under the seat a huge clasp-knife, evidently kept there for the purpose, and deftly cut the traces. The horse thus released rolled over and over until he struck the road again, some fifty feet below. There he regained his footing and stood waiting for us. We reentered the carriage and descended with the single horse until we came to him There, with the help of some bits of string, our driver harnessed him again and we continued on our way. What

HE TOOK OUT HIS WATCH AND BEGAN TURNING HIMSELF ROUND AND ROUND

impressed me was the evident accustomedness of both driver and horses to this method of proceeding down a hill. Evidently to them it appeared a short and convenient cut. I should not have been surprised had the man suggested our strapping ourselves in, and then rolling over and over, carriage and all, to the bottom

■

Another peculiarity of the German coachman is that he never attempts to pull in or to pull up. He regulates his rate of speed not by the pace of the horse, but by manipulation of the brake. For eight miles an hour he puts it on slightly, so that it only scrapes the wheel, producing a continuous sound as of the sharpening of a saw; for four miles an hour he screws it down harder, and you travel to an accompaniment of groans and shrieks, suggestive of a symphony of dying pigs. When he desires to come to a full stop he puts it on to its full. If his brake be a good one, he calculates he can stop his carriage, unless the horse be an extra powerful animal, in less than twice its own length

At Waldshut, one of those little sixteenth-century towns through which the Rhine flows during its earlier course, we came across that exceedingly common object of the Continent: the traveling Briton, grieved and surprised at the unacquaintance of the foreigner with the subtleties of the English language When we entered the station he was, in very fair English, though with a slight Somersetshire accent, explaining to a porter for the tenth time, as he informed us, the simple fact that though he himself had a ticket for Donaueschingen, and wanted to go to Donaueschingen to see the source of the Danube, which is not there, though they tell you it is; he wished his bicycle to be sent on to Engen and his bag to Constance, there to await his arrival. He was hot and angry with the effort of the thing. The porter was a young man in years, but at the moment looked old and miserable. I offered my services. I wish now I had not, though not so fervently, I expect, as he came subsequently to wish this. All three routes, so the porter explained to us, were complicated, necessitating changing and rechanging There was not much time for calm elucidation, as our own train was starting in a few minutes. The man himself was voluble—always a mistake when anything entangled has to be made clear, while the porter was only too eager to get the job done with and so breathe again. It dawned upon me ten minutes later, when thinking the matter over in the train, that though I had agreed with the porter that it would be best for the bicycle to go by way of Immendingen, and had agreed to his booking it to Immendingen, I had neglected to give instructions for its departure from Immendingen

Were I of a despondent temperament I should be worrying myself at the present moment with the reflection that in all probability that bicycle is still at Immendingen. But I regard it as good philosophy to endeavor always to see the brighter side of things. Possibly the porter corrected my omission on his own account, or some simple miracle may have happened to restore that bicycle to its owner some time before the end of his tour. The bag we sent to Radolfszell; but here I console myself with the recollection that it was labeled Constance; and no doubt after a while the railway authorities, finding it unclaimed at Radolfszell, forwarded it to Constance

■

But all this is apart from the moral I wished to draw from the incident. The true inwardness of the situation lay in the indignation of this Britisher at finding a German railway porter unable to comprehend English The moment we spoke to him he expressed this indignation in no measured [illegible]

"Thank you very much indeed," he said; "it's simple enough. I want to go to Donaueschingen myself by train, from Donaueschingen I am going to walk to Geisengen; from Geisengen I am going to take the train to Engen, and from Engen I am going to bicycle to Constance. But I don't want to take my bag with me; I want to find it at Constance when I get there. I have been trying to explain the thing to this fool for the last ten minutes; but I can't get it into him"

"It is very disgraceful," I agreed. "Some of these German workmen know hardly any language but their own."

"I have gone over it with him," continued the man, "on the time-table, and explained it by pantomime. Even then I could not knock it into him"

"I can hardly believe you," I again remarked; "you would think the thing explained itself."

Harris was angry with the man; he wished to reprove him for his folly in journeying through the outlying portions of a foreign clime, and seeking in such to accomplish complicated railway tricks without knowing a word of the language of the country. But I pointed out to him the great and good work at which the man was unconsciously assisting

■

Shakespeare and Milton may have done their little best to spread acquaintance with the English tongue among the less-favored inhabitants of Europe. Newton and Darwin may have rendered their language a necessity among educated and thoughtful foreigners Dickens and Ouida (for your folk who imagine that the literary world is bounded by the prejudices of New Grub Street would be surprised and grieved at the position occupied abroad by this at home-sneered at Lady) may have helped still further to popularize it. But the man who has spread the knowledge of English from Cape St. Vincent to the Ural Mountains is the Englishman who, unable or unwilling to learn a single word of any language but his own, travels purse in hand into every corner of the Continent One may be shocked at his ignorance, annoyed at his stupidity, angry at his presumption, but the practical fact remains, he it is that is Anglicizing Europe. For him the Swiss peasant tramps through the snow on winter evenings to attend the English class open in every village. For him the coachman and the guard, the chambermaid and the laundress, pore over their English grammars and colloquial phrase books. For him the foreign shopkeeper and merchant send their sons and daughters in their thousands to study in every English town. For him it is that every foreign hotel and restaurant keeper adds to his advertisement: "Only those with fair knowledge of English need apply."

Did the English speaking races make it their rule to speak anything else than English the marvelous progress of the English tongue throughout the world would stop. The English-speaking man stands amid the strangers and jingles his gold. "Here," he cries, "is payment for all such as can speak English." He is the great educator. Theoretically we may scold him; practically, we should take our hats off to him. He is the missionary of the English tongue

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST
FOUNDED A.D. 1728

GEORGE HORACE LORIMER, Editor

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY
421 TO 427 ARCH STREET, PHILADELPHIA

March 17, 1900

$2.50 the Year by Subscription
5 Cents the Copy of All Newsdealers

United States Senators by Popular Vote

THE Fifth Article of the Constitution provides that, "The Congress, whenever two-thirds of both houses shall deem it necessary, shall propose amendments to this Constitution, or, on the application of the Legislatures of two-thirds of the several States, shall call a convention for proposing amendments, which, in every case, shall be valid to all intents and purposes, as part of this Constitution, when ratified by the Legislatures of three-fourths of the several States, or by conventions in three fourths thereof."

The fifteen amendments that have been made to the Constitution were adopted on the initiative of Congress itself.

The alternative method has never been employed. It is now, however, seriously proposed that the Legislatures shall make use of the power which the Constitution unquestionably gives to them. Public sentiment in the country seems to be overwhelmingly in favor of electing United States Senators by popular vote. Numerous Legislatures have adopted resolutions to that effect. The Legislature of Iowa last month passed such a proposition with only four negative votes. In California some years ago, when the question was tested by popular vote, every county favored it, and the whole vote was 187,058 in the affirmative to 13,342 against.

One of the most ingenious efforts to adapt the present method to a popular vote and to combine the two was made by Georgia about four years ago. The feeling ran high and there was the usual lack of confidence in what the new Legislature might do. In that State the Democratic nomination is equivalent to election, and so the Democrats agreed to a plan by which the voters in each county expressed their choice as to who should be the next United States Senator. There was a vigorous contest. The plan was successful.

Twice the House of Representatives has passed a resolution proposing that the Constitution be amended so that the Senators should be elected by popular vote. Each of these resolutions was ignored by the Senate. There is in the present House of Representatives a similar resolution which will doubtless share the fate of its predecessors. The power that stands in the way of the change is the Senate itself, and as far as Congress is concerned little might be hoped for, but the alternative plan provided for by the Constitution can make the Senate take the action whether it wants to or not.

Notorious conditions in Pennsylvania led the Legislature last year to appoint a joint committee to consider this whole question. It has done something more than can usually be expected of the average legislative committee. It has communicated with the Governors and Secretaries of all the States asking that legislative committees be appointed to a national convention in Philadelphia. The result of this organized effort will appear later. If two-thirds of the States can be favorably influenced, and if their Legislatures take the necessary action, the whole change will be as good as made, although it will necessarily take several years to complete the formalities. It has been very cleverly suggested, however, that when the Senate realizes the force of public opinion and sees the inevitable, it will not persist in its present policy.

In fairness it should be stated that there are many who believe that a change in methods will not necessarily mean an improvement in Senators. These point to the fact that the Governors are elected by popular vote; and as a rule the Governors are not any better men than the United States Senators. In many cases which they name they are distinctly worse. The argument for the popular vote is that Senators with money could not buy their way in as readily as they do with corrupt Legislatures. The whole situation is a fine reflection upon the condition of our suffrage and of our legislative morality, and the best and most hopeful sign in it all is the aggressive sentiment of the good people whose votes cannot be bought at any price. This, indeed, is the strength of the movement, for it is moral as well as political.

—LYNN ROBY MEEKINS

One man elected United States Senator admits that he spent $152,000, and others charge that he spent several times that sum. The era of high prices has reached politics.

Motive in Public Spirit

PUBLIC spirit may be defined as doing the right thing in public affairs for right's sake at the right time. These are the three constituent elements. Many a person does the right thing for policy's sake on the principle that "honesty is the best policy." The politician contributes to a church fund or other benevolent object to make himself popular with those interested in it. He is doing a right thing; but only for policy's sake. The motive is lacking to make it an entirely acceptable gift. We are constantly hearing of the generosity of the "district leader," or the "ward boss." How he is sending coal here and food there, and visiting the sick and the bereaved. He obeys the Scriptural injunction so far, but he fails to keep within the spirit or to observe the part about keeping one's self "unspotted from the world." And what does he exact in return for all his kindness and sympathy? Unquestioning obedience to his political orders; an unswerving support of his political course. No matter if he is supporting corrupt measures; no matter if he is aiding rich and unscrupulous corporations to filch valuable franchises; no matter if he is saddling heavy burdens on posterity and squandering the public funds—so long as he is good to the poor in his district he is said to be generous, and by some, public spirited. He is doing a right thing, but for what base and despicable motives!

Something more than proper motive is needed in public spirit. Wisdom is essential. Wisdom tells you when to do the right thing for right's sake. How much good and well-intended advice and admonition has gone astray because given at the wrong time. Through his negligence and foolhardiness a boy falls into the river. He cannot swim. Your first duty is to rescue him, not to lecture him on his shortcomings or his heedlessness. For while you are doing that he may drown. The same is true with regard to a rebellious child. There is a right and a wrong time to correct it. There can be no question as to the need of the remedy. There is a question as to the time of applying it.

The same principle should be applied in public affairs as in private. The right of petition, of free speech, of discussion, should never be abridged. Healthful criticism of the Government should always be invited and tolerated; but there is a right and a wrong time to apply it. The public-spirited man is he who applies it at the right time and for the good of his country. Governor Roosevelt put the case in a nutshell when he said: "Criticism is undoubtedly necessary, though less so than many other things. The men who criticise most severely are rarely those who work effectively to destroy the evils complained of. Excessive and indiscriminate scolding, fretting and faultfinding are even more injurious than excessive and indiscriminate laudation." In short, criticism is not necessarily public spirit. We must not mistake the mere critic for the patriot.

—CLINTON ROGERS WOODRUFF.

The trust claims to be a growth. So is a wart.

Voluntary Slaves and Their Slavery

WHAT would be the social and economic condition of the United States could another Lincoln issue an Emancipation Proclamation which should sever the ties that bind some millions of white people to their taskmasters, some of whom are suspected, some hated, only a few respected or loved? Quite as much work would remain to be done, and there would be quite as many people competent to do it, but the masters—or employers, if the term be preferred—would be at their wits' end to find workers, and most of the workers would be incompetent to take any places but those which they had already filled and abhorred.

Most men are so incompetent, or so unwilling to seek new surroundings, no matter how bad their circumstances may seem to be, that their condition is literally that of slavery. Not all of them are stupid or devoid of aspiration, and all wish that their condition might be bettered, but they lack the indefinable something that causes a man, no matter how few his abilities or how humble his position, to be in the higher sense his own master. Absolute dependence on their employers for the time being is the condition of the great majority of the employed, and reluctance and inability to work in any other place or for any other man is a common confession of all classes of workers; and almost as common is a willingness to remain in whatever position they chance to be.

It is currently supposed that vacancies in the higher departments of any business can easily be filled from the men below, but employers know to their sorrow that this is not true. That a man does stated, automatic work for stated wages, and does it well, too, does not necessarily imply that he has ever given a thought to the duties of the position next above him, much though he would like the higher position's pay. It is a common complaint of men in mills, stores and offices of all kinds, that frequently some "rank outsider" who has not been long at the business gets the best position that becomes vacant. Yet what are employers to do?

A few weeks ago a large business corporation in New York suddenly needed a head clerk for a room containing about fifty other clerks, about half of whom had been in the same room for several years, and all of whom did their work sufficiently well. The abilities of each of the fifty were fairly canvassed, for it was greatly desired that the new head clerk should be a man who already knew the members of the working staff, but in the end one of the "rank outsider" class had to be chosen. Doubtless some of the men in the room had the necessary ability, but they had never displayed it in the office; as the general manager said, "None of them ever manifested special interest in anything but pay-day."

The same corporation issued a general notice, more than a year ago, that suggestions on improving any department of the business would be welcomed from any employee, and, if used, would be paid for liberally. From seven hundred clerks, none of whom is a fool, only five suggestions had been received before the present year began, yet in the same period the clerks had indulged in hundreds of complaints to one another, any one of which had in it the basis of a practical business suggestion.

According to employers, similar stories might be told about the working force of almost any house in the land. Unconsciously, yet absolutely, most men who work for wages are as dependent on their employers as were the Southern slaves on their masters. Most of them are honest and industrious, some are of high moral character, but their interest is so fixed upon what they get that they have little to spare for what they do, therefore they never increase their value to their employers or to themselves. Many of them think, and rightly, that they are the superiors, mentally, of the men above them; but nothing is hit by the bullet that is never fired, nor did anything but trouble ever come of the talent that was hid in a napkin. When, through changes of business, such men lose their places, they are as helpless as the slave who has lost his master. If their condition is not that of voluntary slavery, what is it?

—JOHN HABBERTON

Failure, to the man who learns, means experience, and experience is equipment, and equipment is wealth.

Variegated Monotony

HEARING the wind booming abroad in a pine wood, or the surf pounding a spit of lonely and shifting sand, may be taken as typical of monotony; but at times one feels that a large part of life is keyed to an unvarying level of expression as strangely meaningless as any natural feature of things can be. Our daily labor has its sing song hum, like the buzz of a bee or the purr of a drowsy cat, when there is no interruption, and we easily admit the impression that because work is the same all the year round it must of course be uninteresting, the business of a droning intelligence and a mechanical existence.

Looking steadfastly into life's countenance, however, is apt to disclose to us a deeper significance flowing under the placid surface of our experience. What passes before a casual gaze as a dreary monotony, a depressing sameness of sound and motion, appears to the earnest eye a splendid exhibition of our power—a fine mode of human energy making for the perfect destiny of the race.

Naturalists tell us that the wind in the tree-tops, making the lonesomest of moans, has for a function the gentle swaying of the tall boles, which communicate their motion to the deepest roots in the ground, thus assisting in aerating the soil and adding racy vigor throughout the complicated subterrane tangle which feeds the whole mighty plant. It is not different with us, the continual monotony of the business of life, with its droning sameness from day to day, somehow stirs the spiritual part of us to the profoundest depth.

Indeed, we may distinguish genius from the lesser endowments by its ability to make the most of what common minds deem the merest surface drift of opportunity, too ordinary and plentiful to be of any value. What we call invention is but a fresh setting together of verities as old as the stars, and as monotonously beautiful. Discovery is nothing more than surprising a hidden link in a uniform chain. Not a machine of all man's mighty wonder work of mechanism has in it a single departure from the law of force and motion.

Habit enforces regularity, which is but another name for monotony, and we may safely assume that what we call "good breeding" is the outward manifestation of an inward habit, the result of undeviating example, precept, practice; in a word, the monotony of culture. Even the gorgeous surprises of epoch-making genius have flashed upon the world with a rhythmical, recurring beat, so that in reading history we mark time by them, and keep pace with the centuries by even and regular steps. The great poets, painters, musicians, the statesmen, soldiers and philosophers, who have stirred up the deeps of human life and changed the current of civilization here and yonder, appear, as we look back at them, surprisingly to correspond with a certain splendid plangency in the current of time which throbs as regularly as the pulse of a strong, calm man.

And what a fine, stimulating sight it is to see the brave column of to-day pressing right on up the same monotonously laborious incline toward the winking and still infinitely distant star of destiny! What Pythagoras heard as the music of the spheres was but the rhythm of human activities, the steady, onward, undeviating and regular throbbing of life's changeless current. Law is method in operation, and method is monotony.

—MAURICE THOMPSON.

At the English Capital

THEY are telling a rather good story told of Mr. Bradley-Martin and his encounter with a London cabby. The cabby is easily the quickest-witted and glibbest-tongued occupier of the Queen's highways in this capital; he is clever at sarcasm, and when he begins to use bad language the very Landseer lions in Trafalgar Square turn tail and quake. Talk about the British soldier being "Duke's son, cook's son"—her Thomas Atkins is nothing like so universally related as the British cabby. When a certain sort of man, the horsey dare-devil who loves London and lights, "goes broke," he takes to cab driving as naturally as a duck to water, and the streets swarm with cabbies who have received university educations and have been in their day well to do and of good social positions.

The Londoner knows that he cannot score off cabby under any circumstances, and so leaves him to fight his never-ending battles with brother cabbies, 'bus drivers and policemen. The other morning Mr. Bradley-Martin was crossing Pall Mall near the Carlton Club, and a cab coming down the street at a good pace came within an ace of spiking the wealthy American with one of its shafts. The cabby pulled up only in time to save the situation. Mr. Bradley-Martin leaped to the pavement and, turning in anger to the cabby, shouted angrily, "Who the deuce are you trying to run down?" Cabby gazed in contempt and sorrow upon the flushed pedestrian and replied: "Blest if I know, Gov'nor. You're a new species to me."

A MUCH-PROMOTED PRISONER

THE Seventh New York officers who came across to this little island last year and had a few words with the Queen will well remember the hospitality shown them by the "London Scottish." The London Scottish is a volunteer regiment, perhaps the smartest in all the service, fine men in gray-yellow uniform and, to be sure, the kilts. The regiment is kept fit and on a "war footing"; there is great competition among the young men eligible to join, and no man who is not physically sound and in spirit keen at his work is allowed to remain on the roll. The London Scottish scoop in every American soldier or volunteer they can lay hands on, and to quote Prade

> "If he departed as he came
> With no new light on love or liquor,
> Good sooth, the traveler was to blame
> And not the London Scot, by jigger!"

It will amuse your volunteers to hear that the London Scottish's adjutant has been in a peculiarly mortifying position. Colonel Scott, the adjutant, was second in command of the Second Battalion of the famous Black Watch, now in South Africa. In one of the fights his senior, Dick Cunningham, was severely wounded, so Scott was promoted. Then the command of the First Battalion fell vacant and Scott got the fitting of that position. This was followed by the death of General Wauchop, and of course Scott went to the head of affairs. Now, all this time he was "sitting on a tar barrel" in Ladysmith, utterly unable to get out to assume any of the commands that by seniority fell to him. It is said that his brother officers in Ladysmith took to humming when in Scott's presence, "Oh, for the wings of a dove," until the situation became too pathetic, for Scott is very ambitious and loves to lead in a fight.

BOER REPARTEE BY HELIOGRAPH

THERE have been frequent little chats between Briton and Boers by means of the heliograph, and in one of them the latter scored a decided hit. Speaking to the Boers crowning the steep hills that confronted Buller's army, the Englishman at the end of a conversation flashed, "Well, when we do get up there at you, may God help you."

The answer came back, "Oh, He will!"

Genial Dr. Conan Doyle, who has gone to the front, made an equally witty retort the other day. "I hear you are going to dramatize your earliest work and play a principal part," said a friend of his, meeting him on the street.

Doyle shook his head. "I know nothing of it," he said. "But you're going to the front, are you not?"

"Yes."

"Well, the first time you get into the thick of it I'll bet a new hat yours will be The White-faced Company."

"No, sir," retorted Doyle, "I'm a doctor, and am going out to make A Study in Scarlet, if you want to know."

Conan Doyle is a splendid athlete, firm in the saddle, a quick and sure shot, and an all around sportsman. And as he will be attached to the medical corps to act on the field of battle he will run a first class chance of seeing the fighting in its warmest corners. Strong as a giant, he is just the man to render first aid and then to take a wounded man under each arm and walk off the field with them.

THE EXPLOITS OF THE SEVENTEENTH LANCERS

THE "Death or Glory" boys have sailed for South Africa and by this time are in the field. This regiment, the Seventeenth Lancers, is considered quite the smartest in the British Army, and the officers and men have a long history of glorious service to spur them on in the coming campaign. It may not be generally known in "the States" that this regiment—which, by the way, led the charge of the Light Brigade at Balaklava, going in 145 strong and coming out with 35 survivors—begins its history with your War of Independence. In 1776 the regiment happened to be stationed at Halifax, and they were, I believe, the only British regular cavalrymen that took part in the war. They were at the capture of New York, they forced the passage of the Bronx River, and were in many little "scraps" in which they had their work cut out for them—and a bit more. To-day in County Down, Ireland, there is a monument to the Seventeenth Lancer, Corporal O'Lavery, who lost his life in America. The circumstances were these. It became necessary to send a dispatch of urgent importance to Lord Rawdon. As in the Transvaal, carriers of dispatches had a warm time of it, for Washington's men were supreme as sharpshooters, and so the business required a man of bravery and resource if it was to stand a reasonable chance of success. To accompany the dispatch-bearer the authorities picked upon Corporal O'Lavery of the Seventeenth Lancers. The two had not gone far before bullets began to zip about their ears and presently the dispatch-bearer fell from his horse, dead. O'Lavery dismounted, seized the paper and rode for all he was worth. But at length he was sore hit; he rode for a time with his arms around his horse's neck, and finally, weak from loss of blood, fell to earth. Although in intense agony, the lancer, fearing his important paper might fall into Washington's hands, folded it into small compass and shoved it deep into the ragged wound the bullet had made. Next day he was found stretched out by the roadside, and with only life left in him to point to the secreting place of the precious paper. He died shortly after and the County Down monument tells the tale of his unflinching courage. "Death or Glory" boys did not return to England until 1783. Later they campaigned in South America, so that the Western Hemisphere should take interest in their doings, now that they are again afoot.

MR. WHISTLER'S PARDONABLE MISTAKE

HERE is a tale of Mr. James McNeil Whistler which may be true. Every one knows in what contempt the famous expatriated American artist holds our Royal Academy. To be an "R. A."—a member of the Royal Academy—is, in his eyes, to be held in eternal disgrace by all true artists. The body of the Royal Academy could never tell what Whistler's pictures meant, and of course Whistler looks upon that as the smartest feather in his artistic hat. He was in a "smart" restaurant in the West End not long ago and was not successful in getting exactly what he wanted. The waiter, after various attempts to satisfy him, said, referring to a dish Whistler wanted, "Well, sir, I can't make out quite what you mean."

"Gad, sir," shouted Mr. Whistler in astonished tones, "are *you* an R. A.?"

YOUNG MARLBOROUGH'S SHORTCOMINGS

Miss Consuelo Vanderbilt's husband, the Duke of Marlborough, is in South Africa in charge of a large body of yeomanry. It will be interesting to see how this latest descendant of the hero of Blenheim shapes in the face of the enemy. When his appointment was announced at the Army and Navy Club, a crusty old Indian officer, who had evidently heard the Duke speak at some Primrose gathering of women, blurted out, "By Heavens, if he comes to a halt as often in a charge as he does in a speech, his men may as well dig their graves before they start." But his deed may be better than his word.

—E. W. SABEL.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Editor Saturday Evening Post

All human laws are grounded on the high and immutable laws of Nature and the laws of revelation; at least they should be so; and the Business Combinations or Trusts that were so ably advocated by Mr. Charles R. Flint in a recent issue of your valuable and interesting journal are nothing more nor less than *imperium in imperio*—that is, the act of creating a government within a government, and *praemunire*, on the same order, was held under the ancient law to be treason, and punishable by decapitating, drawing and quartering.

Therefore it is a very good thing that Mr. Flint lives in the age of statutes in the stead of an age when all laws were grounded on immemorial customs and the Scriptures, or, in other words, in an age when the colossal power of corporate capital is apparently stronger than the "Laws of Nature and of Nature's God," which Thomas Jefferson sent ringing through the ages from old Independence Hall in your own fair city of Philadelphia, on the Fourth of July, A. D. 1776.

In Governor, now United States Senator, A. J. McLaurin's recent address to the Mississippi Legislature, occurs the following language in regard to the matter under consideration: "A great evil and danger threatening the State is found in what is termed trusts. Combinations of corporate capital have been formed to strangle all kinds of competition. Corporations that have been authorized by statutory enactment to organize and operate independently of each other, for reciprocal advantage to themselves and the public, have combined to practice the most tyrannical extortion upon the people. They demand authority to exercise their despotic sway over the laborer employed and the consumer of their wares. By the formation of trusts they cut down the number of laborers and employees and compensate themselves by extortion in the price of their products. By these unlawful aggregations of corporate capital all consumers and nearly every class of laborers and employees suffer."

All of the foregoing is absolutely true. I desire to ask Mr. Flint a few questions and respectfully to solicit a reply: "If the principal advantage of business combinations is that raw material can be purchased in large quantities and secured at a lower price, and the total grand result is a lower market price which accrues to the benefit of the consumers at home and abroad, etc., then what benefits do such Business Combinations or Trusts confer upon the producers of the raw material?" And if low markets are as beneficial generally, as he says in one place, then why does he contradict himself by saying in another place that "Nothing in the past has more demoralized industries than overproduction in times of prosperity and the scramble for markets in times of adversity, *resulting in the cutting of prices to such extent* as to necessitate the reduction of wages?"

Now, Mr. Flint, is it not a fact that as America is the greatest producing country on the face of the globe, she needs more markets and better markets, and higher prices for what she produces, and less of monopolistic corporations and combines and trusts?

J. R. LINDSAY.

Capell, Mississippi.

Editor Saturday Evening Post

There is no question about the "rightful existence of aggregations of capital." It is regarding wrongful incorporations, in restraint of trade; regarding the kind of legal person the legislature shall create; regarding the restrictions that shall be placed upon the conduct of corporations that the American public is now exercised.

It would seem to be a self-evident truth that a legal person should not have privileges or powers exceeding those of a private individual, and it has now become plain that such legal person, having no heart on which the moral law may be written, should be subject to such written commandments as shall give substantial honesty to his conduct. Otherwise he may greatly injure the people who created him.

Every State has recognized the benefits of "rightful" combinations of capital by authorizing persons to incorporate, and even giving them a premium by exempting their private property from payment of the corporate debt; yet the patronage of the public is very greatly influenced by the financial standing of the incorporators as individuals, and this very influence has often resulted in loss to the public.

Then Mr. Flint's article points out the "best examples" of these combinations as those who have "increased their reserves in times of prosperity so that they might be able to pay dividends in times of financial depression." It further points out that the combinations organized in the last five years are mainly based upon the earnings of that period.

Then it would appear that the "best examples" are those whose capital stock is based upon net earnings so conserved among the years as to be available every year to pay a dividend. If these are the best examples of corporations we may well be looking for improvement. These suggestions doubtless refer to combined corporations and the capital stock of the combine, at least regarding the lately formed companies.

It appears that the real value of the property that is taken into the combine is not the guide for capitalization. Nor does the real cost of the railroads referred to seem to have much relation to their capital stock.

It probably denotes total want of acquaintance with the methods of corporations and very defective business acumen to suggest that capitalization should only be equaled by investment and growth in value of property. The mass of the public have until late years supposed that capital stock represented a money investment of equal amount. Late years many have discovered something wrong. Wealth has seemed to come with remarkable rapidity to members of some companies.

People to-day find it more difficult to engage in any remunerative business than formerly. They are looking for the cause, and appear to have found at least one great cause in the methods of corporations which trusts are seeking to carry out on a larger scale and with hope of monopoly to make their plans effective.

The statistician's allowance of twenty-three dollars per capita is, to the general public, a fiction. It may show the resources of corporations, but great masses of individuals have counted their family, multiplied by twenty-three, counted their money, and been discouraged that they failed even of an average.

They have looked over their little town, and see that if the one company should move away the per capita of the town would not be fifty cents.

Competition does not adjust the matter. Failures only transfer the assets to the bondholders—placing the property in fewer hands.

Population does not produce the dearth of paying business opportunities for the masses. There is wealth and money abundant for all, but it has reached the hands of comparatively few people.

Publicity might help the matter, but some wholesome legislative restrictions to guard against errors of the past and prospective future errors will be most apt to control these skillful manipulators.

We are proud of our country and its industrial progress, and want and need for each citizen an active and responsible part in its industries, and want to correct business evils without crippling any worthy enterprise, and would like to see all citizens work for the most rapid advancement of all, letting the welfare of each and all Americans stand first.

P. B. D.

Clinton, Missouri.

The GRIP of HONOR

By Cyrus Townsend Brady

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Tenth Chapter

THE night fell on three of the most unhappy people in the world; yet to each had been vouchsafed a partial realization of a cherished hope. Coventry should have been luxuriating in the thought of his approaching marriage to the girl he loved; Elizabeth should have been overwhelmed with joy at the reappearance of O'Neill, after his two years of absence; and O'Neill, during that time, had asked for nothing but an opportunity to stand once more in the presence of his divinity. The desire of each had been granted, and yet all three were completely miserable: Coventry, because he more than suspected that Elizabeth loved O'Neill; Elizabeth, because she felt that honor compelled her to marry Coventry, to whom she was deeply attached, but toward whom her feelings were vastly different from those which had flooded her being with new life at the sight of the young Irishman. Her years of waiting and dreaming had unconsciously developed a passion for him which had broken all barriers at the mere sound of his voice, the sight of his face. As for O'Neill, he found her fairer than he had ever thought, even in his most extravagant dream, and it was in an agony of despair that he contemplated her as the bride of another. There was this saving grace in his position, however: he would probably be condemned to death forthwith, and he was in no mood to balk the executioner; if ever death were welcome, it would be so to him.

The only one who was completely at his ease, and who, in fact, extracted a certain satisfaction from the situation, was the Admiral. Naturally he did not enter very deeply into the matrimonial schemes of the young, and, with the indifference of the aged and the present, he doubted that it would be a matter of any great difficulty either to make Elizabeth forget, if necessary, the Irishman, in whom even his obtuse vision had detected that she was greatly interested, or, in case it suited his purpose better, to make his son forget Elizabeth in the presence of some other charmer whom he might select.

"A bad omen," she murmured, shaking her head

❧

His purpose was, as ever, the paramount consideration with the Admiral. He had conceived a brilliant idea which he fondly hoped would result in the capture of the notorious Paul Jones, who was the object of consuming desire on the part of every military and naval man in the Three Kingdoms. So enchanted was the old man with his own idea, and so desirous was he of bagging the game, that he would not have hesitated to sacrifice the affections of his son, the happiness of his ward, or to brush aside almost anything save his honor which might stand in his way.

The young Irishman had clearly forfeited his life by his action; nay, more, now that he recalled his name he remembered that he had been found guilty of high treason, and, like his father, was under sentence of death for that as well. He had a double hold upon him, therefore. The powers of the Admiral, who was one of the leading men of the realm, were unusually large, and as a state of martial law had been proclaimed on the coast he was supreme as to life or death in matters where any military exigency could be urged.

He chuckled to himself at the thought that he held in his hand two of the master cards, love of life and love of woman. The third, love of honor, which O'Neill was possessed of, was a high one, to be sure, but he trusted by clever play to win the game. Elizabeth had become a State paper—a pledge in pawn—to him; O'Neill, another piece, or player. He had not yet formulated any plan for carrying out his great idea, but one was already germinating in his mind, so that in the end, under the stimulus of the splendid opportunity he saw before him for rounding out an already brilliant career in the service of his country by effecting the capture of the famous Paul Jones, his hours were as sleepless as were those of the others.

❧

The poor Irish Lieutenant caused a great deal of trouble to every one with whom he had come in contact. Even Paul Jones himself, who loved and cherished the young man with all his generous heart, was filled with deep anxiety as to his probable fate when he heard the report of old Price the next day; and the more so as the hours fled away and his Lieutenant did not rejoin the ship. In spite of the absence of the rest of his squadron, the Commodore at once hastened to the rendezvous with the Richard alone, and there determined to take a small hand in the game himself while waiting for the Pallas, the Alliance, and the others to assemble. Cautious inquiries which he caused to be made on shore had informed him that O'Neill had been apprehended; a less kindly man than Paul Jones would have left him to his fate—but that was not his way.

Early the next morning—Wednesday, September 22—O'Neill arose and went down on the terrace of the castle overlooking the ocean and the ships in the harbor. There he found Lady Elizabeth gazing listlessly over the causeway at a horseman galloping along the road.

"Do I interrupt reminiscences of a tête-à-tête, madame?" said he, saluting her.

"Reminiscences such as mine are better interrupted," she replied.

"You were ——"

"Saying good by to my—my—cousin."

"Has Your Ladyship no dearer title than that by which to designate him?"

"Not yet," she answered wearily.

❧

"Ah! I perceive," he continued jealously: "the natural regret at the absence of your betrothed, for ——"

"No, no; not that. How can you trifle so with me at this moment? He reproached me because I—— Why do I tell you these things? You constrain me, sir; I——

"Forgive me; you need not finish, Lady Elizabeth," he said with sudden gravity. "As for me, I must needs trifle, or die. Life in the freshness of the morning, the white capped ocean stretching before us in the sunlight, is sweet to think on; with youth and rank and station it would be heavenly spent with you. Without you, I welcome the death your guardian will inflict upon me."

"Yet you waited so long—two years—why did you not come? I——" She stopped. She had spoken in a low, tender whisper, looking down at the sea beneath them and plucking nervously at the loose plaster of the old wall. Death so imminent for love and lover—nay, not for love; that is eternal—broke down petty convention. Where were death and love there should truth and honesty be—and honor.

He laid his strong hand gently down on the small white one outlined upon the gray, weather-beaten rock of the parapet; with upturned palm she met his grasp. Her eyes were lifted now; she drew strength from his strength; a dawning hope flickered to life in her torn heart. He surely could do something; there must be some other way. It was the tribute woman pays to man.

He read aright, with eyes keen from affection, the piteous appeal in her sweetly lifted face; but he could only smile sadly with a slow shake of the head. There was no other way then—in the marked path she must walk.

❧

"Was it long to you, dearest?" he queried, his dark face aflame. "To me—I have been a fool. Nothing should have kept me from you. To trust to messengers, letters—a fool—too late!" Silence. The hands unclasped, ties were broken. "Too late!" He turned bitterly away.

"Would that we had met in happier days!" she murmured sadly, making a brave effort at self control.

"No reproaches, Lady Elizabeth," he answered, the touch of formality in the address showing his own equal strife. "What must be, must be! At least I have met you before I die, and for two years have thought of you, and dreamed of you, and held you the lady of my heart. Even death itself cannot rob me of that sweet joy—for it is past."

They looked apart and heard above the voice of the great deep, the unfathomable sound of the moaning surge far beneath them chafing against the pebbles in the still morning, the wild beating of their hearts, after a little pause he continued more softly.

"And you—you will forget the young Irishman, the soldier of fortune, whom untoward fate threw across your pathway, and in your own English home and in the love of your noble husband may you be happy."

Nay, not so," she said softly, taking his hand again, her eyes filling with tears—this time she was the stronger—"my heart is not

Editor's Note—The Grip of Honor began in The Saturday Evening Post of February 24.

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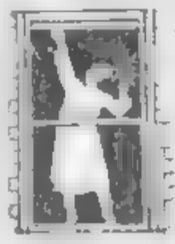

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made of such fickle stuff. I shall do my duty—keep my plighted word—even you would have me do no less than that—but not more steadfastly than I shall keep you within my recollection. But do not talk of death; you must not. I know the Admiral—he has a kindly heart——"

"I would not live," replied the young man, "for life is death when the heart is dead."

"Tell me," asked the girl, nervously breaking the almost insupportable silence, "were you there when my mother's picture fell last night?"

"Yes, so near to it that it almost fell into my arms," he answered, smiling.

"A bad omen," she murmured, shaking her head.

"What, that it should fall into my arms?"

"No, that it should fall at all."

"Well, I do not believe in omens, and 'tis in the arms of another that you fall, at any rate. He gets the substance, I the shadow—the illusion—and even that is broken."

"And so even the shadow is lost," said Elizabeth.

"Not yet. Open my heart and you will find it there," he answered quickly. "But how like you the portrait was!"

♦

"Yes, I am said to look like my mother," she answered, striving as we all do in tragic moments to reach the height of the commonplace. "In the dress I now wear under the changing fashions the likeness is not so striking; but when I am gowned as she was, in the identical costume—which is still in existence, by the way—and sit as she did in the dim light in that old chair, the resemblance is even more striking."

"Would that I might see you thus in that dress of the olden time! Nothing except your actual presence in the hall has ever startled me so much as that image of the past did last night. You are so like the picture, but more beautiful, I think."

■

"Ah, yes; youth and the present are always the more beautiful. The Admiral says I cannot hold a candle to her—he loved her, I think she was his cousin; they tell me she married very young, unhappily, too, and died when I was born, many years after. My father, too, died, I can scarcely remember him. I am alone."

"There should be a warning in this, should there not?" he asked softly, an idle question Fate had determined.

"I suppose so," replied the girl wearily, "but what was I to do? The arrangement was made when I was a child. I have grown up with Edward Coventry; he loves me; he is a noble fellow; I respect—esteem him highly. It is a long-cherished wish of the Admiral's; it was my mother's wish as well. I put him off, in spite of the engagement, for a year—for six months again," she said, with a glance the fond reproach of which cut him to the heart. "I promised him on my word of honor if he would only wait that time I would make no further objections. I cannot break that word now."

"Not even for me?"

"No, not even for you," replied Elizabeth.

"But you do not love him?" queried O'Neill.

"Yes," she answered slowly, "I do—in a way that is."

"But not like——"

"'Tis not generous of you," she answered proudly, "to press me further. I—we have decided. I can stand no more. Forgive me—have mercy!"

■

"I respect your decision; nay, more, I honor you for it, Lady Elizabeth," he answered gravely. "I kiss your hand and go to my death smiling. Forget me."

"Your death!" she cried in alarm; "what mean you?"

"The Admiral, sir, would speak with you in the office at once," interrupted the Sergeant, who had approached with a file of soldiers.

DRAWN BY [illegible]

"LOOK YOU, MY LORD, SHE IS ALIVE!"

"You see the summons," said O'Neill to Elizabeth. "Friend, I come—good-by."

■

Eleventh Chapter

THE Admiral had fully matured his plans during the night, and was prepared to make the assault upon the fortifications of O'Neill's honor at the most convenient season. In order to have a clear field for his operations, he had dispatched his son upon an errand which would necessitate his absence until the evening. It had been with his full knowledge that his captive had been allowed to meet and converse with his ward. He trusted more to the fascinations of that young woman to effect his end than to any other agency.

Beauty and affection when allied have ever been most potent weapons, even when used to promote the cause of treachery and dishonor. Not that the Admiral himself would have done anything he considered dishonorable. He would rather have cut off his right hand, which had done such stout service for his King; he would sacrifice his life, his son's life, anything, rather than jeopard it; but he would not hesitate to cajole the young Irishman into betraying his leader if he could. Though he should despise him if he acceded to the terms he would propose, yet he would not refrain from making use of him, even to his own undoing, if possible. 'Twas the custom of war, and the obloquy which in similar instances has ever been heaped upon the tempted has not seemed to attach itself to the tempter.

Still the Admiral did not rejoice in the situation, and he could not make up his mind just how much it would be necessary to offer. He had rather an uncomfortable feeling that he could go very far and then not succeed after all; yet the greatness of the stake for which he played, he thought, would justify his action, for the person of John Paul Jones was certainly more coveted than that of any other man who had ever warred against the English flag. The Governor had under his immediate command two excellent frigates, the Serapis, 44, and the Scarborough, 28, and if through his planning and foresight they should capture Jones and his ships he might aspire to any honor in the gift of the King.

■

"Good morning, my dear Marquis," he said pleasantly as soon as the young Lieutenant was ushered into the office.

"Good morning to Your Lordship," answered O'Neill bravely.

"I have sent for you to give you the [illegible] the castle today," continued the Admiral, much to his prisoner's surprise. "I shall be occupied with preparations rendered necessary by the advent of your friends, the Americans, and urgent business required that I dispatch your acquaintance, my son, on an errand which will keep him away until evening. Meanwhile, I leave you to the tender mercies of my ward, the Lady Elizabeth. In the evening I shall have something of great importance to say to you. You will give me your parole, of course, and I trust that you may have a pleasant day."

"In the presence of the Lady Elizabeth, sir, all moments are hours of pleasure. I can never sufficiently thank you for your indulgence. You have crowned the victim with a chaplet of roses before offering him upon the altar," answered the bewildered officer. He suspected something, but in the thought of another day with his heart's desire he resolutely put aside all other things—one day, in the strain of life, so much gained!

"Never mind about the altar now," said the Admiral. "Enjoy the day, and perhaps the termination of it may fit its beginning."

Such a day as the two young people passed together comes not often in earthly calendars. There was one subject which was forbidden them by honor and discretion. They therefore talked of other things, and thought only

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of that, and the restraint in which each was held made their true opinions as open to each other as the day itself. They wandered together about the castle walls, gazed out upon the sparkling sea, and allowed themselves to dream that the day would never end. They forgot the black future, and lived only in the fleeting moments of the present—as is the habit of youth and love.

When night fell they separated reluctantly, to meet again by her appointment in half an hour in the great hall—for what reason he knew not; that she wished was sufficient for him. There had come into Elizabeth's head a quaint conceit. She wished to surprise him. As she left him she ran hastily to the ancient wardrobe in her private apartment in which was laid away in sprigs of lavender her mother's wedding robe. Hastily pulling off her own garments, and assisted by the skillful fingers of her maid, she arrayed herself therein

The body of the dress was of heavily brocaded white satin, worn over moderate hoops; the bodice was cut low and square across the neck and shoulders, and terminated in a pointed stomacher of delicate pale blue, laced over the front with silver cord. The short, rather full sleeves edged with priceless lace left the sweet young arms bare to the dimpled elbows. The overdress, looped with gold cord on either side, was of a fugitive shade of pale wild rose; the dress was lifted in front to show her dainty feet in their diamond-buckled, high-heeled, blue satin shoes and rose-colored, gold-clocked stockings. When she stood up a little train swept the floor.

The old-fashioned waist of the gown was very *décolleté*. She blushed at the thought of it, but as it was in the picture she draped it with delicate tulle and caught it here and there by tiny diamond stars. To re-dress her hair was an easy matter; the low coiffure, with the hair unpowdered and rolled above her broad, low brow *à la* Pompadour, she adorned with delicate white ostrich tips, and a string of pearls which she intertwined in its mazes. With eager hands rummaging among her mother's jewels, she soon found the brilliant necklace of the picture and twined it about her snowy throat; on her breast she pinned a great sunburst of diamonds, in the midst of which flashed a gleaming sapphire in jealous emulation of her eyes. A little black patch or two on her rosy dimpled cheeks completed her toilet.

Then, full of anticipation for her lover, she ran down to the hall. To her great disappointment the room was empty; he had not yet come. She waited a moment, and her eyes fell upon the frame from which the remnants of the tattered painting had been removed. It was on a dais leaning against the wall just beneath the spot where the picture had hung. A new idea occurred to her! Why not? She eagerly pushed the old chair behind the frame, arranged it as it had been in the picture, and sat down in exactly the same pose her mother had taken when the portrait had been painted. She had often practiced it before the mirror and had acquired the pose perfectly.

The rich old tapestry of Arras formed an appropriate background, and life and love and expectation threw a light into her eyes and painted upon her cheek hues that no skill, however cunning, could have duplicated. The girl had forgotten for the moment her engagement to another; she had forgotten the impending fate which hung over the man she truly loved. She was only a woman—loving—beloved—waiting. The thought of his surprise and the consciousness of her own beauty deepened the color on her blushing cheeks, and the palpitation of her bosom told of the beating of her heart.

She looked hastily about her, and, as the door opened, settled herself in the position of sweet repose of the picture. Never had earth borne a fairer woman. The first sound that struck her ear was the somewhat harsh voice of her guardian. A wave of disappointment swept across her. She half arose as if to discover herself, and then, as she heard the rich baritone of her lover's speech, she sank back and waited, motionless and expectant.

"Lieutenant Barry O'Neill, Marquis de Richemont, I bid you good evening," said the Admiral genially.

"Sir, good evening to you," replied the Lieutenant, something warning him of an impending struggle.

"Allow me," said the Admiral, passing his snuff-box, from which both gentlemen helped themselves elaborately.

"I have here," continued the old man, drawing a piece of paper from the desk as they walked toward the centre of the room, neither of them noticing the picture at the moment, as it was behind them, "some account of the life and adventures of one Gerald O'Neill, sometime gentleman of the County Clare, in Ireland, who rebelled against His Gracious Majesty, King George the Second, of blessed memory, in the year 1745. His lands were escheated to the Crown, his life was forfeited. Unfortunately for us, and fortunately for him, he escaped to the Continent, entered the service of Louis XV and became——"

"You may spare me any further details, My Lord. I know them too well. He became a Marshal of France, and my father——"

"Two great honors, surely," said the Admiral, smiling pleasantly.

"I thank Your Lordship for the compliment. Pray proceed."

"I have here also a brief account of the history of another gentleman in whom I doubt not you are deeply interested"

"And that is——"

"One Barry O'Neill, Marquis de Richemont."

"Your very humble servant, sir."

"Your discrimination does you honor, Marquis," said the Admiral playfully.

"Faith, sir, you read me an easy riddle."

"I find that you have been concerned in every treasonable plot against His Majesty which has been hatched on the Continent since you were out of leading strings."

"Rather hard, but true, sir. An Irishman, you know, is naturally a rebel and a conspirator."

"Quite so; and those who are not drowned may expect to be hanged," said the Admiral sternly.

"As I am a sailor I might reasonably have hoped for the former end, but I have forfeited my rights by coming on shore, I suppose." He paused, and as the Admiral nodded gravely, he continued with well-simulated indifference, "'Tis not a pleasant mode of death, My Lord, nor one that I would have chosen, nor one that is becoming to a gentleman, but I trust I shall meet it with equanimity, at least," replied O'Neill, a little paler than before, but still dauntlessly smiling.

"I am glad to see that you are a man of such resolution, sir," said the Admiral. "If your discretion equal your courage the matter may be arranged."

"It is useless to try it," was the reply. "To have known your ward, to have seen her, and to know that she is destined for the arms of another, makes life a hell, and death a [illegible]"

"Listen!" said the Admiral slowly at last. He was sure he had him now

"I could settle the course of the world while I wait for your reply, sir; delay no longer, I pray you; I am in a torture of apprehension," said O'Neill eagerly.

"I design not to take from you rank, nor station, nor lands, nor position," replied the Admiral. "I offer you a free pardon for all your past offenses; nay, it shall cover your father's as well, if you wish. There shall be a restoration of the ancient lands of your venerable house. I will put your feet upon a ladder by which you may rise to the very highest position. I open before you vistas of honorable advancement in the service of your rightful King in your native land, in which there is no limit to which a man of courage may not attain"

"These are nothing," said the young man impetuously, "beside Lady Elizabeth Howard; some of the things you mention I now have; some I do not wish; some are nothing to me. But your ward, sir; what of her——"

"Oh! what a lover is there!" whispered the girl in the picture frame to herself, forgetting the pose, clasping her white hands and leaning forward with shining eyes, blushing cheeks and parted lips. This in her breast now was love indeed, in no way like to the pale affection with which she regarded the unfortunate Coventry. The Admiral spoke again, fixing his eye upon the young man. His words came slowly.

"Well, sir, I will even agree to interpose no objections to your suit for the hand of my ward——"

"But that is tantamount to giving your consent, My Lord!" said O'Neill, coming nearer to him in great surprise, his heart bounding—and yet there must be conditions to the royal gift. The Admiral bowed.

"And Major Coventry?" cried the Irishman

"His desires must give way to—er—reasons of State," said the Admiral decisively. "I will arrange all that; if you can obtain her consent to your suit, she is yours, provided——" He paused significantly.

Ah, the conditions!

"My consent!" thought Elizabeth, happiness flooding her like a wave, and then she remembered that she was a woman, and indignation found a lodgment in her being. 'Twas not thus she would be wooed and won—not in this bartering way disposed of. By what right did any one—even her guardian—presume to—— O'Neill was speaking again.

"What are the conditions—what is it you wish me to do? If it be in human power, 'tis done. Torment me no more, as you are a man and have a heart, speak!" In his agitation the younger man seized the older by the arm

"I desire you to go back to your ship and arrange to put in my possession the person of John Paul Jones," said the Admiral with the greatest deliberation, concealing his anxiety by an appearance of great firmness as he nonchalantly helped himself to a pinch of snuff. An accurate observer would have noticed that the trembling of his hands belied his simulated calmness.

It was out now. What would the man say or do? Elizabeth sank back appalled. So this was the condition, this was the test. He was to choose between her and black treachery [illegible] His answer—what would it be? Had her idol feet of clay, after all? Her fate hung in the balance; she could never survive his shame if he fell; if not—ah!

O'Neill released the Admiral at once, stared at him a long moment in horrified silence—shrank away from him, and sank down in a chair and buried his face in his hands for a little space; his two auditors waited, hope for different results trembling in either heart. Presently he looked up and arose to his feet.

"Treachery—dishonor—shame! And with her innocence and youth and beauty you bait your trap!" ejaculated O'Neill brokenly. The Admiral still played with his snuff box, his eyes averted, his hands trembling.

"Oh, my God, my God!" continued the sailor, stricken to the very heart; "to raise my hopes to such a pitch—to put the cup of happiness to my very lips—to open the gates of Heaven in my very presence—and couple your proposition with this—this infamy! I am a lover, sir; you know it well, but you should not have forgotten that I am before everything else a gentleman. How could you do it? It ill becomes your years," he went on impetuously in mounting indignation. "I am your prisoner—your captive, but I know not that misfortune gave you a right to insult me thus. My Lord, My Lord, the ladder upon which you put my feet leads down, not up. Hell, not Heaven, is its end!"

"Think!" said the Admiral doggedly, feeling the game lost but, like a desperate gamester, playing on. "The Lady Elizabeth is at the end, where'er it be."

"I love her; God only knows how much I love her; from the moment I saw her I had no thought but for her. I could not look her in the face and be guilty of this thing." The girl in the picture almost screamed aloud for joy in this triumph of her lover's honor

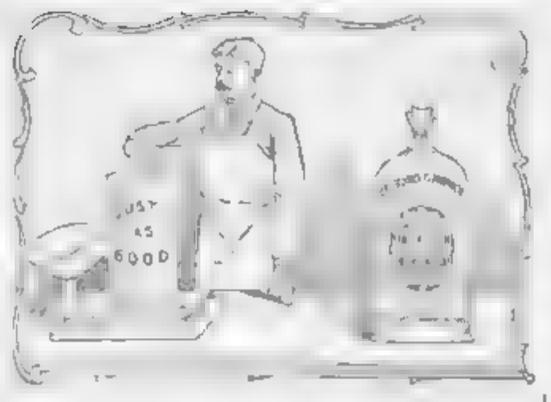
"She shall never know," replied the Admiral; "I will pledge my word of honor"

"The honor of the tempter for the dishonor of the tempted!" O'Neill laughed bitterly.

"It has not in forty years of service been called in question," replied the old man, stifling his growing shame

"Nor has mine," said O'Neill, "until this hour. You are her guardian—an old man—your gray hairs should protect you, but 'tis well for you that I have no sword, for I swear I would plunge it first into your heart and then into my own."

"Think what it is I offer," persisted the other; "compare it to what you now have in the way of worldly honor. What do you care for that bit of striped bunting and these beggarly rebels who have presumed to declare a Republic? What is a Republic, anyway, and what function has it in a gentleman's life, pray? What have we to do with the common [illegible] What are their aspirations to you? What [illegible]



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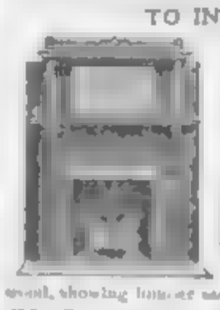

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gardener, turned pirate and buccaneer to ravage our coasts, dishonor our flag? This is the Kingdom in which you were born. Here your rightful allegiance is due. I offer you, for the giving up of a—a sentiment which possesses you, the favor of your King and the hand of the woman you love—every earthly thing to make you happy. You are an exile, a wanderer, a soldier of fortune. I give you a country again."

"And do you, a man of honor, advise me to——?"

"Damnation, sir! I advise nothing! I offer. The decision rests with you."

"Ah! I thought so. And what would you do in my place, sir?"

"I'm not there, thank God," said the old man fervently; "and I repeat, you must decide yourself."

"Very good, sir. It is true that I like not that Republic—its principles are nothing to me—but I have found that gardener's son a man, aye, a gentleman! You have called me a landless man, an exile, a soldier of fortune—that, too, is true. But to Captain Jones and his service I have pledged my honor—'tis all I have; the Stars and Stripes have become my flag; I wear the uniform, I eat the bread, of the United States. You may break my heart, destroy my life; you cannot break my word! There is not power and place enough in the Three Kingdoms—no, not even on their throne, not beauty enough even in Elizabeth Howard to tempt me—to compel me to do that. Say no more. You have my answer."

Twelfth Chapter

"LOOK you fool!" said the Admiral, furious with rage at being balked in this way, though in spite of himself his heart exulted in the nobility of the man. "Look, you beggarly Irishman!" he exclaimed, turning the surprised young man about before he could recover himself; "look on the picture of her whom you reject. Gaze upon it! If you love her, say whether or not your high-flown sentiments of honor can stand against that prospect."

There in the great frame stood the most beautiful picture that the eyes of either man had ever seen. Elizabeth was standing. One hand clutched tightly her heaving bosom—the other arm was stretched out with upraised palm like a goddess in command. The light of the flickering candles cast subtle shadows upon her face. The dusk of the room intensified the illusion and spiritualized her beauty. O'Neill looked at her with all his life in his gaze—so glorious—so splendid—so perfect a creature would shake the very soul of honor itself.

The Admiral had played his last card; this was the end of his resource, and he watched the Irishman with all the intensity of a tiger about to spring on its prey. The moments fled. He knew that he had lost. Elizabeth had arisen in the stress of her anxiety; the strain had been too much for her; she had been about to intervene between them, when the glances of the two men arrested her step. She waited, one little foot outstretched, her body leaning forward slightly, a picture of triumph, her eyes as two lambent flames playing upon her lover. He watched her in awestruck silence—sank on his knees—stretched out his arms, murmuring softly:

"Thou knowest that I love thee. I have dreamed sometimes that in happier days thou mightest have given me thy heart, but I could not take it with a bar of shame between us. No——" Was she moving! Was that some trick of the wavering light!

"Good Heavens!" cried O'Neill fearfully. "See!—is it a spirit? She shakes her head. Look you, My Lord, she is alive; the picture fell last night, you remember—'tis herself! Elizabeth, Elizabeth, you have heard and seen; have I not decided well?"

"How dare you, My Lord?" exclaimed the girl, coming down from the dais and stepping swiftly toward the astonished Admiral, who shrank back from her. "How dare you make my hand the reward of treachery—my person the bait for dishonor? And by what right do you dispose of me without consulting me? Am I a slave, that you force me upon this gentleman? My word is given to your son. You, yourself, insisted upon it. You would play the traitor doubly, and would fain make him do the same. And for what? To compass the death of one poor man to whom I owe life and honor, who is only fighting for what he calls his freedom. Shame upon your gray hairs, sir! Oh, the insult to my modesty—to be thus bandied about between two men. And you, sir," she cried in tempestuous fashion, turning to O'Neill, "you do me the honor to refuse me—to reject me—me—me—Elizabeth Howard! Look at me—you would have none of me——"

"My honor——" cried O'Neill, amazed.

"Your honor! Have I any honor, sir? Would you have left me a shadow of it between you? Stand back, sir! My Lord, is it thus you discharge the trust committed to you by my mother? To give this gentleman opportunity to return to France and say that he refused my hand?"

"He shall not go back to France, Lady Elizabeth," said the Admiral sternly.

"Why not, pray?" asked Elizabeth, faltering, her anger checked by the Admiral's look.

"Because he shall be tried and hanged to-morrow as an American spy, or a captured traitor, whichever he may elect."

(TO BE CONTINUED)

The American Soldier in the Philippines

(Continued from Page 835)

the launch that took us ashore sometimes seem to us to stand on end. The rain fell literally in sheets. I had a fancy to see our soldiers on the firing line, and then our soldiers beyond at the outposts, and then those far advanced ones, "the Cossack outposts," who are so close to the enemy that a bullet at any time may take them. I wanted to see how they fared in weather like that; how they took it; whether their spirits were dampened by the Niagara of water which poured from the clouds until the rivers swelled and the roads were submerged, save where they were raised and paved.

The officers of the First Tennessee volunteered to go with me, so did the physician of the port, Doctor Gilchrist, of Cleveland, Ohio. For five hours we rode from post to post, from company to company, and the men who made up that little squad of horsemen were Colonel Gracie Childers, son and ward of a Confederate soldier; Lieutenant Colonel Bayless, son of a Confederate soldier; Major Cheatam, son of the Confederate General Cheatam, all of the First Tennessee; Doctor Gilchrist, of Ohio, the son of a Union soldier, and myself, the son and brother of Union soldiers. Was it not significant? And most of the men we saw that day were the sons of Confederate soldiers, but now, and forever more, sons of one flag and one country, to build whose empire over the Pacific they were laying down their lives side by side with the brave sons of Union soldiers from Kansas, Iowa, Nebraska, Dakota, Montana, Pennsylvania, Oregon, Washington, California, Colorado, and the whole Union section of our country. One cannot help loving the South when one knows those superb fellows, and they, too, on their part, love the North, or let us say the larger truth which comprehends this lesser statement—all love this entire country and every section of it.

MEN WHO CHARGE WITH A SMILE

THE mention of Kansas reminds me of a remark that General MacArthur made to me, when we passed a group of Kansas men one day at San Fernando. I asked him if they had not been peculiarly daring. "Yes," he said, "those fellows will put a tooth-brush through their hat-band and charge with a smile straight to hell, if it is necessary, but," added General MacArthur, "they are just the type of what all the rest of the soldiers out here are."

That phrase, "charging with a smile," is not a fanciful one, but the statement of a truth. I saw General Lawton order the Twelfth Regulars to charge at Taytay. The defenses of this stronghold were known to be excellent, and it was also supposed that about three thousand of the best soldiers in the Filipino Army were behind the intrenchments. Desultory firing had been going on. A little time before two men had been killed—shot through the head, on the very spot where General Lawton stood when he ordered the charge. It was across an open space, perhaps a third of a mile, and on level ground, interrupted only by little rice ridges. The men "charged with a smile."

The same phenomenon has been noticed time and again. Some say it is a kind of a grin. I think not. It looked to me more like a smile of real pleasure. Fortunately, in this instance, the Filipinos had, a few minutes before, evacuated, and no casualties resulted at that time.

Editor's Note—Senator Beveridge's second article, which will appear in an early number, will be, "With Our Fighters in the Philippines."

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The Diary of a New Congressman's Wife

WASHINGTON, March, 1900.

OF COURSE a woman who talks of herself, her impressions and experiences all the time, as I am doing, lays herself open to the charge of being garrulous and vain in conversation, and scrappy and inconsequential on paper—at least so Robert tells me—but who could help being so, when distracted, as I have been, by so many conflicting interests? I have been trying to accomplish the impossible feat of being almost every hour of the day in two places at one and the same time. On the one hand is my ambition expressed in smart breakfasts musicales, teas, private recitals and other festive things which crowd one upon the other during the daylight hours. On the other hand are all the sights and sounds in Congress which are making history, and which almost compel me to abandon everything else in order to lose nothing of the passing show at the Capitol; and I can only say, in my despair of doing justice both to politics and society,

"How happy could I be with either,
Were t'other dear charmer away!"

The best that I can do is to drive every day to the Capitol and remain a few minutes in the private galleries. Of course the principal excitement is to be found in the Senate I tell Robert that they are altogether too tame over in the House since they disposed of Mr. Roberts. To be sure, the splutter of Democratic members over the handspring of Mr. Sibley from their ranks into the Republican camp, and the witty, ridiculing speech of Mr. Grosvenor anent the pro Boer orators, which was meant to put a quietus upon certain members who have been scrambling over to the Boer side of the fence in the hope of catching German votes, were extremely funny and instructive, but they cannot compare with the spicy sayings and doings in the Senate

I asked Senator P—— the other day if he would not offer a resolution authorizing the posting on the Senate chamber walls of this warning to Senators: "They that govern most make least noise. In rowing a barge, they that do drudgery work slash and puff; but he that governs sits quietly at the stern and scarce is seen to stir." Senator P—— says that he should much prefer to keep this and work it off himself, when he wants to get in a dig, some time, on another Senator

Senator P—— says that two requisites are absolutely necessary to success in the Senate; one is a good, comfortable, thick epidermis, and the other is a voice that is warranted to rival a megaphone. With these two requisites there is no knowing to what heights an ambitious politician may not climb. I took great comfort in this statement, remembering Robert's own big voice, which it seems to me is a fair match for any that I have ever heard, excepting, perhaps, that of Senator Thurston, of Nebraska, which is far and away the greatest thing of its kind on record. I am told that Senator Thurston's voice was one of the sensations of the Chicago convention, and that every other statesman who had hoped to rival him simply held his peace in sheer despair Robert says that Senator Thurston is aspiring to preside over the coming convention in Philadelphia, and, if voice alone should decide it, the honor ought easily to go to him, but Mr Hanna will have to be reckoned with when it comes to the convention. Who knows but that Mr. Hanna may want the honor himself? Nobody can tell

"The rain it raineth and the old goose winketh,
But wotteth not the little gosling
What the old goose thinketh."

It is a pity that the respective clerks of both House and Senate, being possessed of good voices, should read so droningly and exasperatingly. They almost put one to sleep, though the other day, when the Clerk of the Senate was reading the Urgent Deficiency Bill, he managed to keep at least one Senator awake and strike a little fun from him. Actually this was Mr. Hoar, who was able to take his mind off expansion inquities long enough to raise a laugh from the Senate. The clerk read, under the section providing an appropriation for a certain hospital:

"For pay of surgeons, matrons, druggists, nurses, cooks, ward-masters, hospital carriage drivers, hearse-drivers, grave-diggers and funeral services and——"

"I should like to know," interrupted Mr. Hoar, "of the Senator who has this bill in charge whether hearse-drivers, grave diggers and funeral services are necessary for the care of the sick? That is the way the bill reads." The reply was:

"These all come under the heading of the hospital department." To which Mr. Hoar replied dryly:

"I should hardly like to enact by law that grave-diggers are necessary for the care of the sick. If, however, the committee prefers it so, I will not interpose objection."

The laugh subsided and the bill droned on to its end. I noticed that Senators began to slip away that afternoon in a rather mysterious way, until the Senate chamber was deserted by everybody of importance save Senator Teller. I was curious to know where the others had all gone and why Senator Teller had not gone with them When I got home I asked Robert to explain the mystery. Robert laughed and said it was because every other Senator had a caucus to attend, but Mr. Teller holds the strange position of a man without a caucus. He is neither Republican, Democrat nor Populist. I asked Robert how he voted. Robert said that his vote was "here, there and everywhere," and nobody could ever predict it.

THE MEXICAN AMBASSADOR, MR. AZPIROZ

But if I was curious about Mr. Teller, I was equally so about another man whom I saw on the Senate floor the other day, who was being greeted and hand-shaken to a great degree. No one about me knew who he was, so I sent my card to Senator P with a line scribbled on it: "Can you give me a moment?" When the card was carried in to him I leaned over the railing. Senator P—— read it, smiled and scribbled something, but he did not look up at the gallery where I sat. The card when it came back to me read, "My whole afternoon is yours with pleasure." In a moment or so I saw him leave the floor, and I saw also that two or three Senators looked after him and then up at the gallery and smiled. I drew back from the railing and pulled down my veil. I don't know why I should have been nettled, but I was. When Senator P—— sat down beside me, I asked him if he would tell me who the stranger on the floor was, who was being made so much of.

"Why, that's no stranger; that's only Joe Blackburn, who has just been reelected to the Senate from Kentucky

"Is that Joe Blackburn!" exclaimed I.

"Yes he came first to the House, as you know He was in the Forty-fourth Congress—the Congress that accused Belknap; that investigated Blaine; that created the Electoral Commission; the Congress that had brains enough for forty such Congresses as this one. Joe made a sensational speech against the employing of the United States Army as a police force at the polls, in which he used his famous alliteration: 'He who dallies is a dastard, and he who doubts is damned.' Afterward he came to the Senate, but he was more in his element in a tumultuous body like the House

I did not reply, and Senator P—— continued: "I remember so well once when Joe Blackburn and I were on the same committee. It was during a Democratic Administration, and there had been a good deal of bother trying to get the Secretary of Agriculture to agree to a certain thing, and Blackburn had been sent to talk him over to the committee's plan. In fact, the whole Cabinet had been difficult to deal with When Joe came back several of us were assembled in the committee-room, among us Senator Vest, who was sunk dejectedly in the depths of an armchair. Some one asked.

'Well, Joe, did you succeed?'

'Succeed?' he echoed. Then he began to tramp up and down, fuming and fussing. Finally he broke out:

"'Of all the obstinate things in the shape of a Cabinet officer I ever encountered, commend me to J. Sterling Morton! Don't you agree with me, Vest?'

"Vest roused up slowly and answered:

"'I'm sorry, Joe, but I am committed to Hoke Smith.'

"It was the funniest thing I ever heard," continued Senator P——, "and I never see either Vest or Blackburn but I recall that committee-room; and our bill was never even reported," he concluded

When he was putting me into my carriage a few minutes later, he said abruptly

"So, Mrs. Slocum, you are beginning to be disillusioned already with statesmanship and with politicians, and I'll warrant that you have already found out society?"

I denied this stoutly, of course.

Afterward I wondered if it were true. I thought of the pleasures I had been pursuing, and then I thought of what that clever old cynic, Balzac, in his measureless wisdom says of it all, that, "In diving to the bottom of pleasures we bring up more gravel than pearls"; and I tried to think if I had brought up any pearls, and I could only think of one or two; but as to the gravel—there had been quite enough of it to make a respectable gravel drive in front of our home out in Spruce City. Page says that if I am going to quote Balzac and talk about bringing up gravel, people will think I am meaning to liken Washington society to the bottomless pit, and when I explained that I was only thinking of the snobs I have encountered lately, she said, in her pretty way, with a warning gesture

"Watch out, Mrs. Slocum, about that word snob. We can mention it to each other, but don' you let any one else hear you talkin' about encounterin' snobs, for people always in such cases spell snob with a 'u'"

Seriously, I should like to know whether there is any physiological explanation of the fact that the heads of so many individuals here at the Capital grow disproportionately to the rest of their anatomy. This curious condition, which one of my Boston friends calls "cerebral tumescence," finds expression in many ways in both men and women. The other day I was of the receiving party in a smart house that was strictly non-official,

Editor's Note—The Diary of a New Congressman's Wife began in The Saturday Evening Post of February 3, and will be continued through twelve numbers. Each paper is practically complete in itself, and may be read without reference to preceding installments.

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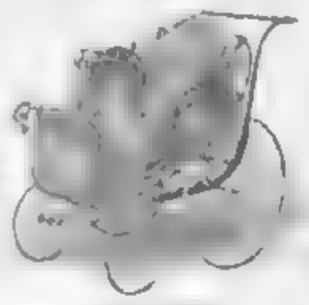

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and I had three examples of this in quick succession. The first was a frank, naive expression of importance, as unconscious as it was hearty. It came in the shape of a breezy, bustling man who rushed into the reception-room and, after a quick glance around, announced himself to the entire roomful of people thus: "I am the Assistant Secretary of War." The hostess smiled vaguely and greeted him, mumbling something that did duty for a name and then passed him over to me. I had wit enough to call him simply "Mr. Secretary," and I in turn passed him on to Page, with a whisper to her to find out his name. She carried him off with a wicked smile, and the hostess said to me in an aside: "Good Heavens! I did not know the man from Adam. How should I? There are always two or three Assistant Secretaries in every department, and I don't know the names of any of them. I don't even know how many War Secretaries there are. Why didn't he give his name, or have himself announced?"

SENATOR THURSTON'S VOICE WAS ONE OF THE SENSATIONS OF THE CHICAGO CONVENTION

A few minutes later there was another expression of this same thing which was more arrogant than amusing. A haughty aspirant for social leadership came into the room and, while twirling her lorgnette around on a jeweled chain, informed me "that she made no visits upon any one; she entertained instead." I had scarcely recovered from the haughty *grande dame* when a foolish young woman, who is making a desperate struggle to get into the smart set, came up to me and confided to me "that she made it a rule to weed out her visiting list every year; one could not be too careful."

It seemed to me that, with this, my cup was full, but, upon going home to dress for a dinner at Senator E——'s, I was destined yet again to be treated to this same thing, though from an humble source. This time it came from my own black laundress, whose shining face and glistening teeth greeted me with all the freedom and sociability of her race.

"La, Miss Agatha, honey, you'se mighty like my ole Miss down on East'en Sho'. I knows quality folks when I see 'em. All my folks was quality, an' ca'iage quality, too. I don' work for no pore white trash, I don'."

Here was the same thing in a different key, and Mr. Kipling's lines sprang to my lips:

"For the Colonel's Lady an' Judy O'Grady
Are sisters under their skins!"

I hope that I am not fated to find my doll stuffed with sawdust at this early stage! I am sorry if I am going to acquire the eyes of an Argus instead of the blindness of the bat.

Page says that it is being whispered about that the recent ruling which has removed from the receiving line at the White House the daughters of Cabinet officers who were wont to take their mothers' places, was entirely due to the grumbling and criticism among diplomats who did not relish the custom which allowed chits of girls to precede their own august wives. All this bickering and jealousy concerning precedence is just about worthy of some little Principality or Duchy over on the other side, and the whole thing is to my mind a clear case of "the jealous man poisoning his own banquet and then eating of it."

I feel, however, that I am receiving an education at the expense of my country, in which one large item of instruction was received the other night on the occasion of a great ball given at one of the fashionable hotels for the benefit of a swell charity. This ball was in charge of the smartest women in society, and I felt a natural pleasure in being asked to be one of the patronesses, and in my acceptance I inclosed a handsome check as a donation, Page having instructed me that this was the thing expected of me. I made Robert go, and I also persuaded Senator P—— to accompany us, although both men were as much out of their element as the traditional fish out of water. Robert and Page both drifted away from me, Robert to talk politics and Page to dance. Senator P—— was left to my tender mercies and we commenced a tour of the rooms, in the progress of which we overheard a conversation and I met with the usual fate of the eavesdropper. One of the managers said:

"These rich newcomers donated, but they did not give anything like the sum expected when we asked them to be patronesses.

Senator P—— and I moved away in silence. We had gone but a few paces when we encountered Page and her partner. Page exclaimed:

"Why, you two look like you'd been listenin' to a sermon instead of to this lovely dance music."

"We have," I replied, "a most edifying sermon from the Book of Revelation."

And Page could not understand why Senator P—— thought my remark so funny, neither could Robert, who joined us at this point. I knew that an explanation would nettle Robert, so I made none. What was the use? It was all a part of the human comedy.

An Unpublished Poem

By Bayard Taylor

THE verses given below were written by Bayard Taylor for my father to sing at a Fourth of July celebration at Unionville Academy in the year 1839 or 1840. The Academy was about four miles from Bayard Taylor's birthplace in the neighborhood of Kennett Square, Pennsylvania, and its master at that time was a Quaker, Jonathan Gause. The poet, who was between fourteen and fifteen years old when he wrote these verses, had a fondness for my father, an older boy, and they were companions during the two years that Bayard Taylor spent at Unionville Academy, and for several succeeding years. Both left the familiar neighborhood, and their lives drifted far apart. The poem was preserved among certain letters from the Taylor family, and other reminders of Kennett Square, in an old cherry-wood desk.

SONG

(Air: A Wet Sheet and a Flowing Sail.)

'Twas on New England's rocky strand
Where the billows wildly foam,
Our fathers, seeking far this land,
Had made their lasting home.
In peace and quietness they dwelt,
Bore meek affliction's rod,
As in their humble prayer they knelt
Before the throne of God.

CHORUS:

Then honor our fathers' name,
Strike up a glorious lay,
Sound high to them a song of fame,
'Tis Freedom's natal day.

Come from your lofty halls of pride,
From the lowly cottage hearth;
Honor the brave who fought and died,
'Tis the day of Freedom's birth.
Breathe in the startled ear of morn,
Ere the lark her matins sings,
And far be your stirring echoes borne
Where the sombre wildwood rings.—CHO.

They fought, they fell on Bunker's height,
In Yorktown's closing line,
In Monmouth's dark and gory fight,
By silver Brandywine.
They fell; but with their blood they bought
The land they loved so well,
And foemen fled, when freemen fought,
As if by magic spell.—CHO.

BAYARD TAYLOR.

The song was sung as a solo and chorus, without accompaniment. The celebration was held in the open air; many of the people of the Kennett Square region were present, and I believe they joined in the chorus.

—*Margaret Harvey.*

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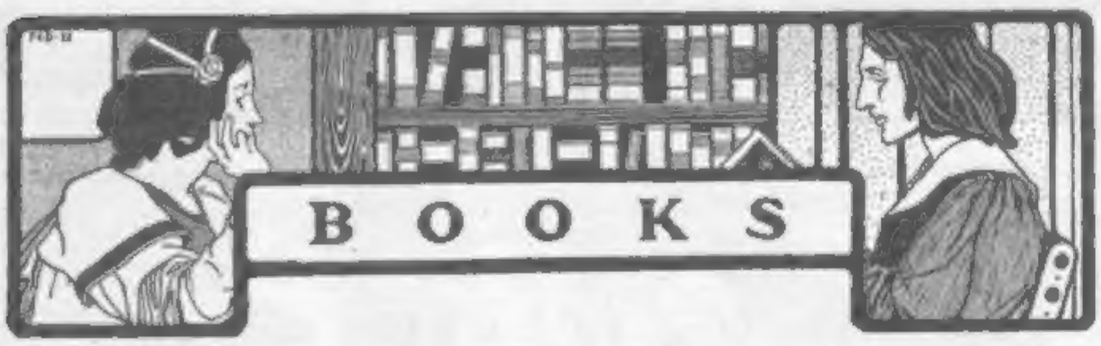

When Wives Were Bought*

IF THE despairing realist or veritist doubts for one moment the supreme triumph of romance in these agitated days, let him read Miss Johnston's To Have and To Hold, and realize with a gasp that it would be impossible to carry the romantic spirit any deeper into fiction. If the watchword of the realist be Balzac's memorable motto, "Put nothing into novels which may not happen, and which has not happened in life," the principle upon which Miss Johnston wisely goes is to confine herself exclusively to incidents the like of which were never known in the universe. With the brilliant imagination and the splendid courage of youth, she has stormed the very citadel of adventure, and a grateful public has breathlessly followed her story in its serial form, and has waited with eager and ill-concealed impatience until the completed book should be given into its hands.

No better plot could have been devised for a Colonial romance. The flight of the King's ward, Jocelyn Leigh, to escape the husband thrust upon her by James the First; her coming to Virginia with the shipload of maids brought over by Edwyn Sandys as wives for the planters; her marriage to Ralph Percy, who buys his bride for one hundred and twenty pounds of tobacco; the swift pursuit of her courtly suitor, Lord Carnal, and the deadly strife between husband and lover, afford wide scope for Miss Johnston's extraordinary power of story-telling. The warmth and glow of her descriptions, her broad knowledge of time and place, and her faculty for sustained narrative seem well-nigh marvelous in a young and almost untried writer. To Have and To Hold amply fulfills the promise given by her earlier novel, Prisoners of Hope.

On the other hand, it must be admitted that the very exuberance of the author's imagination beguiles her into overdoing her work. Adventure is good, and so is valor, and so is beauty; but it is possible to have too much of all these good things in a novel. The hero of romance is of necessity a conquering hero, else we would have none of him; but, after days of shipwreck and suffering, we do not require him to fight three desperate duels in succession, and win them all. Neither is he expected to kill more than a dozen or so Indians at a time. And when he turns pirate, and sails the main, and holds his ruffian crew in awe—this gentleman planter of Virginia—we feel that we are carried back, not so much to youth, as to childhood.

"It's all very well to be good, I agree,
To be gentle, and patient, and that sort of thing;
But there's something that suits my mind to a T.
In the thought of a regular Pirate King."

Even the desperate villainy of Lord Carnal and his dark, sinister beauty seem a trifle overdrawn. Villains always are, and always should be, dark and sinister, but this one's superb and sinful splendor palls a trifle from being too much dwelt upon. And the Italian poisoner, the "Black Death," with his subtle and murderous drugs, is an incongruous figure in the Virginia Colony, or even in good King Jamie's Court. Miss Johnston might have kept Mr. Nicolo—who is excellent of his kind—for another book. There is no need for her to be so lavish, for we hope and trust and pray she may write many more such novels to delight our hearts.

Lindsay Swift's Brook Farm†

MR. LINDSAY SWIFT has written an excellent and entertaining history of Brook Farm, that curious sociological experiment which enlisted the sympathy and support of the most intelligent men of its day. No better theme could have been chosen for one of the National Studies in American Letters, and no handling of this theme could be more satisfactory than Mr. Swift's. With frank sympathy, with friendly humor, with sane discrimination, he tells his story, from the establishment of the Transcendental Club—that soulful coterie of enthusiasts who listened to Alcott expounding Plato, and said they liked it—down to the closing days of a community which could no longer subsist on high thinking and low diet—diet so low it was threatening to degenerate rapidly into no diet at all.

"It was an era of cold water and unbolted flour," says Mr. Swift; and among the strict vegetarians the question was "not so much what to eat as what not to eat," even coffee savoring of undue indulgence. Strange experiments were tried with the live stock as well as with the inmates of the Farm; an attempt being made, for example, to rear a young calf on "hay tea" in place of maternal nourishment, which radical measure cost the calf its life before it could be converted into veal.

The theories of medicine most in vogue were quite as unusual and as inexorable as the many other theories cherished by these ardent experimentalists. The "cold water cure" was administered with a vehemence which makes us shudder when we read of it, and the "starving cure" was not without its followers, though, as Mr. Swift sensibly observes, "the simple menu of the community removed any pressing need for the general application of this treatment."

It is little wonder that—drawing its recruits mainly from the ranks of New England thinkers and scholars—the Farm should have been occasionally short of field-hands, though "there was never any lack of heads in the Department of Instruction." Hawthorne, it is true, devoted himself with splendid, though short-lived, enthusiasm to agricultural pursuits, signing his home letters "Nathaniel Hawthorne, Ploughman," attacking his work with such zeal that he broke the machine for chopping hay "through very excess of effort," exulting when he was permitted to milk a cow, and fairly bursting with pride when deemed farmer enough to buy some piglings in the market. That the experience was worth something to him is proved by The Blithedale Romance; but it is hardly surprising that his sisters, arguing in the ruthless, practical, unimaginative fashion of women, should have thought their genius of a brother was wasting his powers in these bucolic pastimes.

The opening chapters of Mr. Swift's little volume are perhaps the most entertaining, inasmuch as Brook Farm itself carries a keener interest than do the subsequent lives of many of its inmates and visitors. Yet it is when we think of Hawthorne, and Emerson, and Charles A. Dana, and George William Curtis, and William Henry Channing, and Father Hecker, and that intellectual firebrand, Orestes Brownson, and that exceedingly erudite and unpleasant woman, Margaret Fuller, all of whom were deeply interested in the scheme, that we recognize the value of this episode in the history of American Sociology. —*Agnes Repplier.*

GLIMPSES OF NEW BOOKS

TO AN enthusiastic minority the Caroline lyrics have always held a charm to be found nowhere else. Lovers of verse of the days of James I and Charles I will welcome The King's Lyrics, a new compilation by Mr. Fitz Roy Carrington. *R. H. Russell.*

Camp Arcady is the small record of the small doings of four of Miss Floy Campbell's girls who kept house in the top story of a New York flat, where there was plenty of room for the north-light window. Under the constitution of the Camp they organized on a very care-free plan, with all available funds to be held for common draft in the little round vase at the end of the mantelpiece. Miss Campbell introduces "some others" who aid largely in shaping the destinies of her four young dreamers and their ideal Republic—it was hardly to be expected that Arcady could live long with the cable cars only around the corner. *Richard G. Badger & Co.*

*To Have and To Hold. By Mary Johnston. *Houghton, Mifflin & Co.*

†Brook Farm: Its Members, Scholars and Visitors. By Lindsay Swift. *The Macmillan Company.*

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Mrs. Diaz's Butter Money

MRS. ABBY MORTON DIAZ first came into prominence through her fierce patriotism during the dark years of the Civil War. She was a member of several organizations which were formed by the young women of New England to help the Government and to raise money for the sick and wounded soldiers. She knit stockings and made bandages. This, however, did not satisfy her desires. With a few friends she went without butter for several months and gave what she called "butter money" to the cause. It was some time later that her first story appeared in a monthly magazine under an assumed name. For it she received a check for forty dollars.

Professor Roberts and His Burglar

SEVERAL years ago, when Professor Charles G. D. Roberts was living in Canada, he was wakened one night by hearing a burglar at his window. It was bitter cold, and the snow was two feet deep on the ground. The burglar was warmly clad and the Professor wore only his nightgown. Nothing daunted, however, he sprang to the window. The housebreaker started back in alarm and made for the back fence. With a spring the Professor leaped through the window, carrying the sash with him.

"Stop!" he shouted.

The burglar sped on. In an instant the Professor was at his side. He caught him by the coat collar, snatched a club from his hand, threw it on the snow, and then with his bare feet kicked him to the fence, over which he threw him as if he had been a log.

When the Professor returned to the house he found that he was badly cut by the window glass, and that his feet had been frostbitten. It was several weeks before he was able to leave his house, but he never was troubled by burglars again.

Mr. Boothby's Daring Plunge

GUY BOOTHBY, the author of Doctor Nikola's Experiment, won his first laurels as a traveler and explorer. When living in Australia he became interested in the strange and inhospitable area known as the Northern Territory. So slight was the information about the district that he determined to visit it himself. Against the protests of his friends, who predicted his death, he set out with a companion and crossed the continent from Van Diemen's Gulf to the Great Australian Bight. He endured many sufferings and privations, but secured much valuable knowledge which enabled him to assist in the exposure of the extraordinary Louis de Rougemont.

Major Hume and the Frenchman

A MODEST volume has been recently added to the series, The Story of the Nations, by Martin Hume, and few of his readers know that he is the famous Major Hume, of the Third Battalion of the Essex (English) Regiment. His book is The History of Modern Spain. The Major was educated in Madrid, is a Knight of the Spanish Order of Isabel, and was once intrusted by Spain to edit some important State papers. He is a man of many parts, and, besides being a British soldier, has been attached to both the Spanish and Turkish armies. He was present, as an attaché, in the Turkish Army during the battle of Lom. The Major's bluntness is a matter of comment at the Devonshire Club, in London, of which he is a prominent member. He was interrupted in an earnest conversation with a Member of Parliament upon a vital question by a visiting Frenchman, who alluded unpleasantly to Parliament, the English people, and also Americans.

"You Frenchmen always look at things superficially," retorted the Major hotly.

"Yes, Major," replied the Frenchman candidly, "you are right. Frenchmen represent politeness, suavity and courteousness, and they seldom tell the truth, for the truth is almost always unpleasant. I am frank enough to confess that this is the first time that I have ever told the truth."

"I accept your explanation," said the Major blandly; "I can quite believe you."

The Origin of Miss French's Pen-Name

MISS ALICE FRENCH, Octave Thanet, whose new book of short stories shows her interest in the industrial world of the West and the Southwest, spoke to a friend not long ago upon the origin of her pen-name.

"My writing and my pen-name are purely matters of chance. I had my first stories in my mind for years before I put them on paper, and I only disposed of them then because I thought they might aid the people whose cause I was interested in. 'Octave,' the first part of my pen-name, was the Christian name of a schoolmate who was a great inspiration to me in my writing, and 'Thanet' was the name of a freight car which the children of my neighborhood loved to play in and about."

Miss French was born in Andover, Massachusetts, and was graduated from the Abbot Academy. Her first work, A Communist's Wife, was refused by the same New York publishers who rejected Mr. Kipling's manuscript, and was accepted by one of the oldest publishing firms in Philadelphia. Since then she has always found a ready market for her books. Miss French is fond of housework and cooking, and declares that she is a much better cook than a writer. She belongs politically to that branch of the Republican party in the West which endeavors to ameliorate the condition of the workers, and a substantial part of her income is spent in doing good.

At a labor meeting not long ago she was enthusiastically received as a benefactor, and after she had finished a little speech of advice and admonition she was roundly cheered. "Miss French forever," "Miss French forever," cried the audience.

At this the presiding officer, a man, arose and replied, "I know you mean well, but there may be some men who hope that the lady will not be Miss French forever."

One Generation of Revolutions

M. FRANÇOIS COPPÉE, of Paris, who has several new books upon the market in this country, is a very industrious worker. Until his plays and books were successful he held a small Government position, but when his name and fame were made he gave his time entirely to literary effort. In commenting upon the varying political changes in France, he said to a friend:

"You think the present upheavals odd, do you? Why, this is nothing to what France has done. Take the span of my own life. My father took me, when I was five years old, to the Tuileries to see Louis Philippe, and I remember, as if it were but yesterday, how the people welcomed him with shouts. One year later I was taken to the same place to see him run from the mob who wanted his life. A year later yet I was one of a party of boys chosen to take part in the ceremonies of the planting of the Tree of Liberty near our house—so you see I don't marvel at the present phases of emotionalism. Our people can't live without change."

Hamlin Garland's Favorite Lines

IT IS not always easy to speculate upon an author's favorite piece of work. Hamlin Garland was once asked by a New York authoress, when both were the guests of Madame Alberti, for his autograph, appended to a favorite quotation from his own work. He presented her with the following:

"PIONEERS

"They rise to mastery of wind and snow;
They go like soldiers grimly into strife
To colonize the plain; they plow and sow
And fertilize the plain with their own life,
As did the Indian and the buffalo."

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The New Mother Goose
By Guy Wetmore Carryl

THE COMMENDABLE CASTIGATION ADMINISTERED TO OLD MOTHER HUBBARD

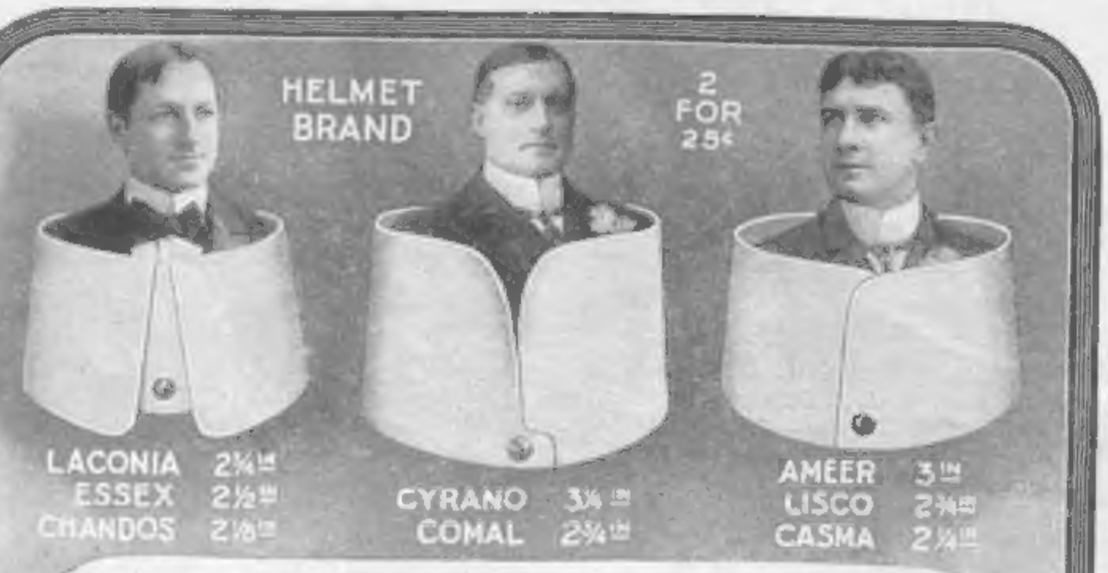
SHE was one of those creatures whose features are hard beyond any reclaim,
And she loved in a hovel to grovel, and she hadn't a cent to her name;
She owned neither gallants nor talents, she borrowed extensively, too,
From all of her dozens of cousins, and never refunded a sou.
Yet all they said in abuse of her
Was, "She is prouder than Lucifer."
That, I must say, without meaning to blame,
Is always the way with that kind of a dame!

There never was follier collie than Old Mother Hubbard had found.
Though cheaply she'd bought him, she taught him to follow her meekly around.
But though she would kick him and lick him, it hadn't the slightest effect,
He always was howling and growling; but, goodness! what could you expect?
Collies were never to flourish meant
'Less they had plenty of nourishment.
All that he had was the feathers she'd pluck
Off an occasional chicken or duck!

The collie was barred in the garden; he howled and he wailed and he whined;
The neighbors malignant, indignant petitions unanimous signed:
"The nuisance grows nightly," politely they wrote. "He's an odious hound,
And either you'll fill him or kill him, or else he must go to the pound.
For if this howling infernally
Is to continue nocturnally
(Pardon us, ma'am, if we seem to be curt),
Somebody's apt to get horribly hurt!"

Mother Hubbard cried loudly and proudly, "Land sakes! but you give yourselves airs!
I'll take the law to you and sue you!" The neighbors responded, "Who cares?
We none of us care if the sheriff lock every man Jack of us up.
We won't be repining at fining so long as we're rid of the pup."
Then they proceeded to flaunt a sign
Bearing this ominous countersign:
"Freemen! the moment has come to protest,
And Old Mother Hubbard delenda est!"

They marched to her gateway, and straightway they trampled all over her lawn;
Most rudely they harried and carried her 'round on a rail till the dawn;
They marred her and jarred her, and tarred her and feathered her, just as they should;
Of speech they bereft her, and left her with "NOW, do you think you'll be good?"
THE MORAL'S a charmingly pleasing one:
Though we would deprecate teasing one,
Still, when a dame has politeness rebuffed
She certainly ought to be collared and cuffed!



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